

AMERICA'S WEEKLY MAGAZINE FOR RADIO LISTENERS

Radio Guide

TELLS WHAT'S ON THE AIR - ANY TIME - DAY OR NIGHT

5¢

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In This Issue:

REVELATIONS
OF JOE PENNER—
CHARLIE CHAPLIN
OF RADIO

THE
STARS SHOW WHY
THEY CAN TAKE IT

"HELL'S HOLIDAY": REAL
LIFE RADIO DRAMA

COMPLETE PROGRAMS
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Arlene
Francis



Who Was Fooled?

A controversy is raging around the head of "Seth Parker", Phillips Lord in real life, because his sense of showmanship led him to do unusual things. He seems to have offended some stickler for realism who forgets that radio's prime function is entertainment.

The case built up against Phillips Lord, skipper of the good ship "Seth Parker"—in an "expose" published by a national magazine—is that he tried to hoodwink the radio audience. He wanted to make them believe, so it was said, that his adventures and stopovers in the cruise around the world in an old wind-jammer, were real-life drama.

He succeeded pretty well in this regard. Although his cruise around the world was permitted to peter out by his sponsors, the worst that can be said about the weekly broadcasts is that they were good, clean, red-blooded shows. Adventure was the keynote, and it was carried out in great style according to the best traditions of viable fiction.

Contrary to the attitude taken by the writer of the article "Debunking Phillips Lord and the Cruise of the Seth Parker", the great unseen radio audience is not made up of witless children. Listeners are not morons who subscribe to black magic. The radio audience did not believe that this adventure cruise was anything but good staging. They did not sit by with mouths agape, like Alice in Wonderland, believing implicitly in the authenticity of the adventures. The American public knows that drama and real adventure aren't waiting for broadcasting time-cues to get started—things just don't work that way, and the public knows it, even if some crusading young writer of so-called debunking yarns does not.

Newspapers with sensational composite photographs have educated the public to accept a dramatic presentation for the sheer thrill, the drama, the enterprise of the creation. Editors have not thought of deception in presenting these crystallizations of dramatic happenings.

The motion-picture enthusiasts know that for the sake of dramatic action a thousand and one harmless deceptions are practiced. The actors involved are not pillorized for their parts in the pictures. So why pick on Phillips Lord? His shows did not lack any of the elements that make for successful adventure dramas.

If he did nothing else, Phillips Lord created a grand idea. He gave young and old America a great thrill. True enough, it was a vicarious thrill, but it lifted a million boys and men from the humdrum surroundings of their ordinary existences. For half an hour each week Lord transported them to the rolling decks of an old wind-jammer. They actually heard the whistle of the wind through the rigging, the pound of the surf against the old hull, and felt the surge of red blood through their veins as he carried them from adventure to adventure.

If he failed in everything else, he should be favorably remembered for the relief he brought to a million souls who crave the surge of life in the raw, and never have the opportunity to experience it. He liberated them from the shackles that bind them to ordinary jobs, and if he erred, regardless of his own motives, no one particularly cared, least of all the audience, which was off on a great jamboree.

One shaft of criticism, in particular, has been aimed at his head for a dramatic situation which he created. A group of old retired sea captains were leaving the "Seth Parker" in New York. A microphone strapped under the gangplank gave the impression of some off-stage eaves-dropping. One could hear the shuffle of the unsteady old feet clumping down the gangplank. One old fellow stumbled. When offered help by a younger man, he belligerently mumbled "When I can't walk down a gangplank, I'll fall down." This was beautifully staged, and many a listener swallowed a lump in his throat. It was the homey touch of a consummate showman, and after all Lord was putting on a show.

The attack on his personal conduct—away from the microphone—which seems to be an over-stressed point in the expose, is unfair and unsportsmanlike. Lord's escapades away from the microphone are no more a concern of the audiences than Dr. Samuel Johnson's love for the cup concerned his contemporaries. Shakespeare was a sheep thief and a poacher, but no one thought of condemning his works for his personal weaknesses.

Breaking idols with feet of clay is a poor pastime, and the radio audience will remember the cruise of the "Seth Parker" for the thrills it gave—the fine spate of adventure it tossed at them, and the wholesome, clean entertainment it offered—regardless of the legerdmain of showmanship used to put it over. The audience wasn't fooled—it was entertained and that is all that counts.

Voice of the Listener

This department is solely for the use of the readers as a place in which to voice opinions and exchange views about radio. Address your letters to VOL editor, 425 Plymouth Court, Chicago, Ill. You are urged to send in your photograph when writing but failure to include a picture will not bar your letter. RADIO GUIDE assumes no responsibility for returning your photograph.

The Normal Reaction

Dear VOL:

I disagree strongly with a letter recently published—the "why" letter—and especially the "why" concerning Jan Garber. Since when has



Leone Hansen

he imitated Guy Lombardo? I would like to see some sponsor get wise to Seymour Simons and give him a contract. I like Earl Burtinett's orchestra but Ruth, the so-called "blatant blond singer," almost ruins the broadcast. She may be pretty but I don't like her voice. Here's hoping Earl Burtinett reads this and thinks it over.

Normal, Illinois

Leone Hansen

When Greek Meets—Givot

Dear VOL:

The recently published letter written by Mr. Andrew Phillips set me on fire. Not that I object to his opinion of George Givot's program but why should he blame the Greek people of this country for the poorness of Givot, when Givot, himself, is not a Greek? Simply because Givot uses what he calls the "Greek" dialect doesn't mean that he represents the Greeks. Perhaps Mr. Phillips did not know that George Givot is not a real Greek.



Alexander Karanikas

29 Depot St.

Goffstown, N. Y.

Alexander Karanikas

The Greeks' Word for It

Dear VOL:

George Givot is the only one I have ever heard who can really imitate a Greek, and being a Greek myself, I can assure Mr. Andrew Phillips who seems to think his stuff is offensive to us Greeks that such is not the case. I am sure that his Greek listeners or on the case of his talkies his Greek audiences are the most appreciative—the ones that laugh the loudest. Thanks for your solicitude, Mr. Phillips, but really there's no harm done.

Aiken, S. C.

Euthymios A. Gregory

Lone Star Admirer

Dear VOL:

I congratulate all of Merdon Downey's listeners if their stations carry his full program. It's hard for me to get out-of-town with the Mexican stations' powerful interference so I sit as quietly as I can and patiently await the voice that gets Larry Ross to shames. I know Richard Cronk and John MacCormack are missed but Marini and Tibbett are only vocal robots to me.

1233 Decker Blvd.

San Antonio, Texas

Jim Farley

Now There's Hal to Pay

Dear VOL:

Well, here we are with a plea and tears in our eyes, looking for help. So come on, all you friends of Daddy Hal O'Halloran of WLS. Let's call a strike and tune WLS out until they put Hal back. Come on, be good sports and let Hal know how much we love and miss him. We all think he is the best announcer on the air. Let us hear what you think about it.

R. R. No. 3, Box 10

Aurora, Illinois

Mr. and Mrs. William Chandler

It's Been Mentioned

Dear VOL:

I find no mention in RADIO GUIDE of the sketch called "Smackout." If you have never heard this program you have something to look forward to. As the theme song is introduced you have an idea of what it is all about. Uncle Luke is always telling yarns and when he is caught his only thought is to ask Marlene and Jim to sing. What do you say neighbors; let's have more of this kind of program.

512 North Gilbert St.

Iowa City, Iowa

Katharine Gunnell

Katharine Gunnell



Katharine Gunnell

An Appreciation

Dear VOL:

May I express my congratulations to RADIO GUIDE for the excellent article which appeared in a recent edition of RADIO GUIDE?

The article I refer to was written by Madame Nazimova concerning radio drama. I really believe that she has summed up in a very few words the present or existing conditions of our radio drama actors, methods of presentation, and other details.

I agree with her in every detail, especially in regards to the manner of length of presentations as broadcast over the networks at present. I see no reason why we could not have real legitimate plays enacted by professional actors who set and memorize their parts instead of reading their script.

In closing may I suggest that the NBC and the CBS both would learn some good points if they would only read Madame Nazimova's excellent article.

413 East Third St.

Dayton, Ohio

Palmer Rust

Of All the Wonders

Dear VOL:

In RADIO GUIDE, No. 29, Volume 3, I find a letter from H. G. Hayes of Junction City, Kansas. Mr. Hayes, I don't call myself a sophisticate, being merely a pianist in a music store. But I have never written a letter of either commendation or condemnation to a radio performer. I never thought of myself as being unappreciative by remaining silent. I have no grouches to air. Radio is swell, I think. Well, Mr. Hayes, this auditor has broken a long silence. I have done my part.

367 Michiean St.

Adrian, Michigan

Dorothy Wender

That Boston He Party

Dear VOL:

I think T. Morsell, Jr., of Boston, is very selfish in wasting radio stars' pictures in place of the programs. All we buy the RADIO GUIDE for is its complete list of programs.

Why can't Eddie Cantor be on the air again this fall?

I like your new series of articles, "Calling All Cars."

I can hardly wait for the Guide each week to read the story.

I think Joe Penner and his duck are swell. Please have more stories about him.

Randolph, New York

William L. Fisk

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The Charlie Chaplin of Radio

By Joe Penner

The Highest Paid Comedian on the Air Pays Homage to "the Greatest Comedian of All Time," in a Story of Self-Revelation Heretofore Unparalleled

Once I eavesdropped on a group of radio listeners and received the greatest thrill of my life. The fans had been discussing my radio act. One of them said: "I don't know why, but Penner reminds me of Charlie Chaplin."

Have you ever seen a little boy mooning about, wishing desperately that somehow or other he could get his grimy fingers about a modern Aladdin's Lamp, and make a wish that he could meet Babe Ruth in person? Picture, then, that lad's delight when his wish is fulfilled and he stands in the awesome presence of the Great Bambino. Life with all its perplexing problems, and mysteries, is completely happy for that urchin, because his one great hope has been realized.

That's the way I felt when I heard that radio fan catalogue me with Charlie Chaplin. I glowed all over. And earnestly I prayed that other radio fans would bracket my act with that of Chaplin's.

My entire stage and radio career has been dedicated to the kids. I remember as a lad in Hungary, where I was born, haunting the movie houses to watch the antics of Charlie Chaplin. The clean, fresh humor of the sad little man with the baggy pants and the funny moustache delighted and captivated me. The artistry of his pantomime—the excruciatingly funny effects wrought by the mere lifting of an eyebrow—the bow-legged skidding about a corner—convulsed and impressed me, and he became my first hero and ideal. Show business, of course, was far removed from my mind then, but subconsciously I determined to make Chaplin my ideal.

I love kids and understand them: their problems, their sorrows, their joys and the things that make them chuckle and laugh. And this understanding and love came to me through Charlie Chaplin. Of course, my mannerisms are different from Chaplin's. I wouldn't want to be guilty of plagiarism. There is only one Charlie Chaplin. He's had hundreds of imitators, and they've all dropped into obscurity while he continues on, greater and funnier than ever. But I've been motivated by the same driving force that keeps Charlie perennially green in the memory of millions of youngsters—the producing of clean, belly-laugh gags, clean situations and clean dialogue.

I'll be perfectly frank with my audiences and admit that every line I've ever delivered has been aimed directly at the children. There's nothing smart or sophisticated about my act. My funny costume, with the hat bobbing up and down on the top of my head; the drawing, lisping speech; the elemental emotions which I pantomime on my face—they are all aimed to please and appeal to the kids. That was one of the lessons I absorbed from Charlie Chaplin.

I remember when the grown-ups couldn't see or understand or appreciate Chaplin. The grown folk were too busy battling the problems of life. The only time they went to the theater to see Chaplin was when their youngsters insisted on having their parents take them to the movies. Then gradually they learned to appreciate the chuckles the sad little comedian offered them. The tragedy and the bustle of life dropped from their minds and they learned to love and appreciate all the happy moments he brought.

Therein lies one of my cherished hopes. I want the ears and attention of the grown folks, but I must appeal to them through their children. Happily, I think, I'm getting closer and closer toward the realization of that hope. All the audiences in the radio studios and in the picture houses have been liberally sprinkled with grownups. Whereas all of my fan mail used to

come from the kids, now a decided percentage of the mail comes from the parents.

I don't want the readers of Radio Guide to think me heroic when I tell them that there have been periods in my career when friends and critics urged me to drop my Chaplinesque ideas and blossom forth as a rough-and-tumble comedian by injecting some racy, risqué, double-entendre gags into my routine. They told me I wasn't coming along fast enough, and that I'd never arrive in the "big time" unless I got wise to myself and injected some sophisticated dialogue.

It wasn't a "holier-than-thou" complex that prompted me to turn my back on all these well wishers. It was the lesson Charlie Chaplin taught me, and the feeling that I owed the kids a responsibility. I simply

couldn't go back on the youngsters. I hope I've made it clear that I'm not a prude; it's merely that I've adopted the code of ethics of the greatest comedian of all time—that some Chaplin.

There have been several occasions when I wondered if I was sailing on the right path. Today, of course, the answer is perfectly clear and obvious. The wonderful way the radio audience has received me, is vindication enough that I've been right. I wouldn't exchange the regard and affection of the children for all the money in the world. But back in the dim past, when Joe Penner was battling to reach the top, there were periods when doubts assailed me.

There was the time a few years ago, for instance, when my Broadway ambitions, after an eternity of trouping in traveling tent shows, carnivals, tafford road shows, and burlesque, seemed about to be realized. Earl Carroll sent for me and offered me a chance in one of his sparkling revues. It was the one opportunity I had been praying for. I knew I'd make good!

Then they showed me my script—and my heart sank. Most of the lines were shady and off-color!

I begged them to give me a chance and let me use my standard act. I tried to tell them about my duty and obligation to the kids—of the lesson Charlie Chaplin taught me way back in Hungary. They merely laughed, told me not to be a fool, and demanded that I rehearse my part.

I simply couldn't do it and was forced to turn my back on my first real Broadway opportunity.

Sometimes people lift knowing eyes when they hear of my years in burlesque. Well, I'm not ashamed of the fact that I played burlesque, and I'm proud of the fact that the robust audiences of that branch of show business accepted my clean offerings in a fine, healthy manner. Whatever else they may have expected from the other performers in the show, they were content with my routine and accoutrements. My gags, my cigar, the simple, bouncy hat and the perennial duck, always got over in grand style.

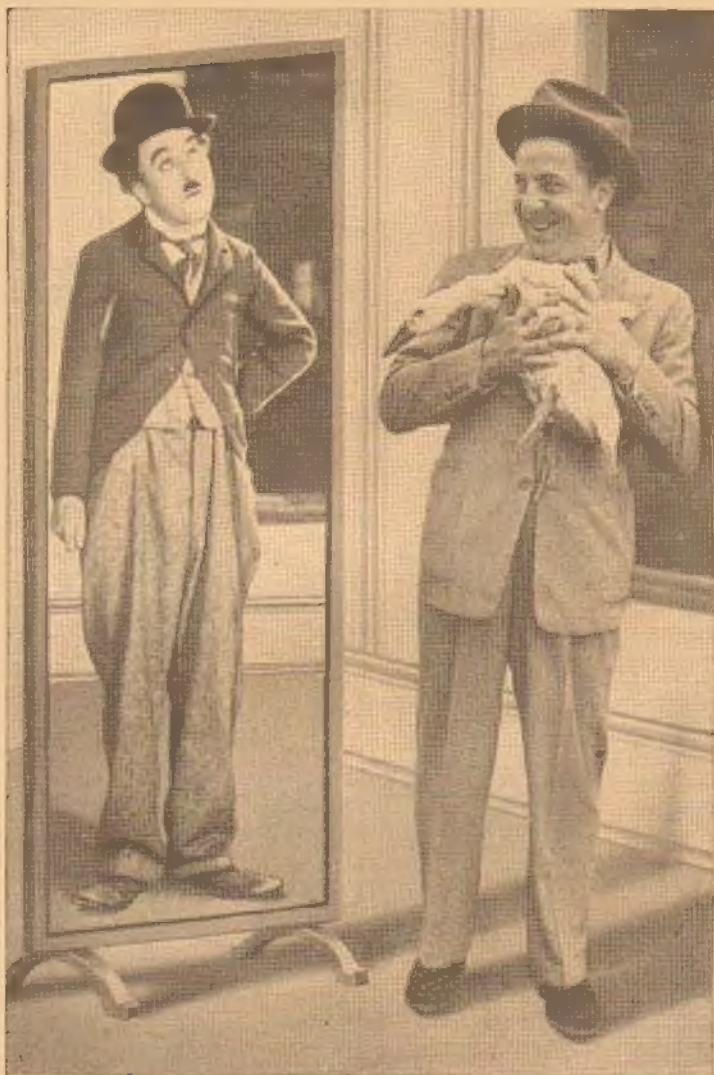
But I never was at ease in burlesque, and always kept my eyes open for a better vehicle of expression. Despite the fact that I never swerved from my plans to keep my act on the high plane that children demand, I realized fully that as long as my star was hitched to burlesque it would never sparkle in the manner I desired. So it was with a sigh of relief that I accepted a vaudeville offer from one of the better variety circuits.

My gag line, "Wanna buy a duck?" came about as an accident. When I got my first comedian's part in a traveling variety show I used to vary the routine by injecting such passages as "Ya wanna buy an ash-can?" or "Ya wanna buy a horse?" One night, for no reason at all, I broke in with "Ya wanna buy a duck?" The laugh was so great that I've kept it in my act ever since.

That childish vow I made in Hungary, when I used to witness the Chaplin comedies, first bore fruit in Detroit, years later, when I arrived there with my mother. She was an opera singer. Up to this point I had never had stage ambitions.

Gradually, however, I began to yearn to appear before the footlights, and one night I took part in an amateur show. I was fourteen years old at the time, and though maybe I was a singer, I found out soon enough that my voice was of the "Turkey" variety when the hook protruded from the wings and they yanked me off right in the middle of a song.

So I got a joke book and worked up a routine. Here again the Chaplin (Continued on Page 25)



Joe Penner's ideal is to mirror the appeal of Charlie Chaplin, idol of children of all ages, everywhere

Along the Airialto

By Martin Lewis

The whole country may have been stricken with drought, but certainly that condition has not been true of radioland this summer. Never before in the history of radio has there been such a bountiful crop of good programs to make one forget perspiring days. Although a goodly share of heat is still in store, the sponsors and their advertising executives already are anticipating fall activity. They are pouring into town from mountains and seashore to shop for programs, and they're finding an attractive array of wares to be had in exchange for the coveted contracts.

During the recent broadcast, in which the wives of the members of the Byrd crew introduced children to their fathers for the first time via the ether waves, one wife with a sense of humor belittled into the mike: "Hya, pop! The kid's great, but she doesn't look like you yet."

If you listen to *Fred Allen's* programs and happen to notice that every once in a while the droll comic bursts out with a guffaw, don't say, "Can you imagine! He's laughing at his own jokes," because it isn't true. The reason for the *Allen* guffaws during his routines is that the members of the cast try to break him up with crazy antics and amusing gestures. So far they've failed.

Although *Jimmy Durante's* "schnozzle" is widely publicized by himself, his real worry is his hair. He is losing it so rapidly that the comic is afraid of going bald before his time. For that reason he can be seen frequently rubbing the old scalp with olive oil.

One of the compensations for being a columnist is the collection of nice letters received such as the one on my desk from *George Hall*. George, who's a swell guy as I've told you before, writes from Memphis to say that his band is breaking all records at the Claridge, and is being held over for several weeks beyond the contracted time. Newspaper clippings are enclosed in the letter, raving about this amiable fellow and confirming his statement.

After a frantic search for a double who could sing and talk like *Bing Crosby*, the job finally fell to two people. *Art Grady*, who is one of the Eton Boys, did the singing. *Ted di Corsia*, who's noted for his impersonations of *Hoover* and *General Johnson*, did the speaking role on the recent "45 Minutes in Hollywood" program.

The *Sisters of the Skillet* are a tough riot. They have come back fatter and funnier than ever. The *Lamdt Trio* and *White* have managed at last to get an



It's difficult to effect a "stern" look from the prow of a boat, hence the smiles by those two old salts, Admiral Deneval Q. Salmagle and his henchman, Budd, who looks as if he were in for a serious undertaking.

afternoon spot on Sundays. They're getting some of the recognition they deserve. . . . *The Bonnell Sisters* are a sure-fire hit for any sponsor, because they never have lost an inch of ground as popular idols. . . . *The California Melodists* have proven that there is always room for another good variety show. . . . *Don McNeil* is a dyspepsia-proof, gloom-chaser as m.c. on his morning "Breakfast Club." . . . *Al Pearce's* Gang fills in those mid-dinner spots on the air beautifully. . . . *Cliff Edwards* is the answer to any sponsor's prayer for newer and better m.c.'s. "The Carefree Carnival" always has been one of the better sustaining shows. Although *Ruth Etting* now has a program on the coast, some smart sponsor ought to lure her back to New York with a gilt-edged contract, or whatever it is that makes charming ladies leave the California sunshine. . . . These and many more deserve sponsorship appreciation. Ho-hum! How I wish I were a sponsor!

Kloofee Chatter—*Dennis King* has changed his mind about radio, and is slated to get that "Enna Jettick" shoe account for which several dozen acts auditioned. . . . *The Walter O'Keefe-Eitel Skatka*—*Don*

Bestor show will leave the airwaves at the expiration of the present contract. *O'Keefe*, however, is practically set for "Camel" with the *Casa Loma Orchestra*. . . . *Ralph Kerby*, due to an advancement in the date of his coming commercial on NBC, was forced to discontinue his New England states-theatrical tour. *Kerby* celebrates his thousandth broadcast for NBC the coming week. . . . *Mr. and Mrs. Bing Crosby's* twins have been named *Phillip Lang Crosby* and *Dennis Michael Crosby*, but their proud parents haven't been able to decide which twin gets which name. According to *Brig*, everything comes in doubles now. The other day he took on the attending physician for eighteen holes of golf to see if the bill would be double or nothing—and lost. . . . *Bob Crosby*, *Brig's* brother, is out to make a place for himself as a singer, but he isn't trading on *Brig's* name. At the New York Paramount Theater, where he played last week, he was introduced simply as *Bob Crosby*, *Brig* not being mentioned. . . . Within the space of two hours Sunday before last *Glen Gray* and his *Casa Loma Orchestra* were heard on 126 different radio stations. An hour after their appearance as the first of ten famous bands on "The Hall of Fame" program they did their regular Sunday sustaining over the complete network. . . . *The Malls Broadcasters* just returned from a European tour and found that it's possible to be away from the United States and at the same time keep before American audiences. The three pictures for which they were filmed in Hollywood before they left

for London, "Operator 13," "Twenty Million Sweethearts" and "Strictly Dynamite," were screened by theaters from coast to coast while they were gone. . . . *Gabrielle "Gogo" Delys*, heard on the "Carefree Carnival" programs from the West coast, made her radio debut with *Jimmy Grier's* orchestra and is the wife of *Harry Foster*, *Grier's* tenor soloist. . . . The *Jessica Dragonette* Fan Club honors this humble scribbler with an honorary membership, for which he is grateful. Incidentally, the *Rady Vallee*, *Jessica Dragonette* and *Gertrude Niesen* clubs have regular club papers that they send to all members—and what a swell job they do! The new feminine voice heard with *Joe Reichman* and his orchestra belongs to *Mildred Monson*. When *Gladys Swarthout*, young Metropolitan Opera diva, sings during the "Palmolive Beauty Box Theater," her severest critic listens from the engineers' control room. The critic is none other than her husband, *Frank Chapman*, the NBC baritone. . . . Chicago's heat proved too much for *Irene Bradley*, the long tall gal from Dixie. *Irene* closed her apartment and took a house on the lake north of Chicago, commencing some 50 miles to the studios for her broadcasts.

—And Eddie Loves It!

By A. E. Applegate

Ten minutes on the air, and two days and two nights of travel to get to the studio to do his stint! That's the routine of *Eddie Guest*, the "People's Poet," started every Tuesday night on the Household Memories program. What's more, he loves it!

Eddie's schedule—yes, "Eddie"; that's what he wants all his friends to call him—would be a great deal simpler if he would consent to use an airplane. But he won't. He goes by car from his summer home at Pointe aux Barques, Michigan—where he has a home and a family and a nine-hole golf course—to Detroit. There he takes a sleeper for Chicago. Following each ten-minute broadcast Eddie repeats the routine, in reverse order.

Another simplifier for Eddie would be the removal of his family closer to Chicago. But there is a real reason why he will not consent to do this—to name only one reason of several: His most prized possession would not fit into the on-to-Chicago picture as well as they do at Pointe aux Barques. Possessions? Yes—and let Eddie tell in his own words what they are: "One wife, one son and one daughter."

Among those proud possessions connected with his home should be added the nine-hole golf course. It's his own, exclusively, located right on his estate.

Eddie has moments as well as possessions to make him proud. One of the greatest of these came when his

son, *Edgar Guest, Jr.*, called Bud for short, became sufficient of an opponent on the links to be able to take his father out on the private course and give him a run for his money. Bud was 22 years old last July 7, and he swings a mean driver. Then there is daughter *Janet*, who celebrated her twelfth birthday July 2. She's just beginning to take an interest in breaking 100.

"We play all comers at our little nine-hole course," Eddie declares, "and we come out with a good proportion of wins. But I have to play second fiddle now to Bud. He drives a good fifty yards farther than I can, and can play circles around me on the green."

The poet himself plays what he calls "Just an ordinary gentleman's game." The best he has done this year was 86, but he admits the score is more often 90.

Golf, fishing, swimming and ping pong for sports, and his family forever, are *Edgar Guest's* passions. And so it is that he has become the world's champion long-distance endurance commuter among radio performers. If that statement is challenged, attend this: For over one hundred weeks to date, Eddie has spent two nights a week in a Pullman berth between Detroit and Chicago to make his weekly appearances on the Musical Memories programs. Now, with his family 130

miles north of Detroit at Pointe aux Barques, he commutes still farther.

Guest usually drives from his summer home to Detroit where he garages his car and takes the train for Chicago. Then he has to spend a night on the train, awakening Tuesday morning just ten minutes before the train's arrival to wash, shave and dress. He's a rapid dresser, according to the Pullman porters.

Rehearsals fill the afternoons, and after a ten-minute broadcast that night, during which he reads his poems, away he goes again on the night train.

But the rigorous schedule of commutation that Eddie has adopted for himself doesn't bother him in the least. He likes it, for it means to him that he has overcome the only drawback radio has for him—it doesn't give him enough time with his family at Pointe aux Barques, nor for fishing, swimming and playing golf—with his son Bud.

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Waltzing to Happiness

By Louise Comstock

What Preceded:

When Wayne King secretly married the lovely "Dot" Janis, he drew down upon his head the anger of another woman—an older woman, who claimed to have "mothered" him when he was a boy. This person sued him for breach of faith. She was furious that he had failed to tell her about his wedding.

As a matter of fact, Wayne had told no one about it. He has an almost morbid dislike of personal publicity.

The suit came to a natural and unflattering end—unflattering to the "mother." In point of fact this same woman had brought similar suits against other celebrities, including Rudy Vallee.

Meanwhile, even during that wretched occurrence, Wayne was ideally, ecstatically happy. Too fine a man to take his love where he could have found it, the Waltz King had found the perfect mate in his "Dot." And that introduces a peculiar question.

Why is it that the public never sees, nor hears about, the wife of Wayne King? The answer lies in instalment number two, published herewith:

The beautiful Dorothy Janis, once a rising star of stage and screen, not only abandoned her career when she married the Waltz King, but has gone into almost cloistered seclusion since that day. No pampered darling of a sultan's harem ever could have been protected more jealously from the public gaze, than is this adored wife of the sultan of waltzes. Why?

The answer is that Wayne demands it! Tender husband, sensitive musician that he is, King nevertheless is a big, vital man—fiercely possessive. To his listeners he will pour out his soul in the waltzes he plays, but he will not share his wife with them—even to the extent of permitting her to be interviewed, photographed and publicly feted, the way most celebrities' wives are. He puts his foot down on that. He won't even let their tiny daughter, Penelope, be photographed!

What makes King take this attitude? Most stars of the entertainment world are exactly the opposite—seeking publicity at all costs, clamoring to get the pictures of their wives and children into the papers. What is there in the love life and personal makeup of Wayne King, which causes him to be different?

Perhaps it is because Dot Janis, his wife, is the first woman whom he could call all his own. For he had no mother during his later childhood; and unlike many men, he did not go in for "affairs." Be that as it may, he now possesses Dot utterly; shields her from public attention with almost fanatical resolution—and she is more than content.

Even before they were married, he had the same aversion to that fierce white light, publicity, which beats down upon the thrones of radio kings and their queens. Cleverly, and with gentlemanly reticence, he carried on his courtship of Dot right under the noses of the news-hounds—and married her before they knew that anything was going on!

These two perfect lovers met at the Aragon, that romantic dance-palace on Chicago's north side, which has been made famous by Wayne's waltzes. How fitting that the Waltz King's future queen should have been presented to him right in his own palace! For Dot was brought in by a distant cousin of hers—William Egner, saxophonist with the band. Immediately she made a hit with the boys. Nobody realized that she had made an even greater hit with their leader.

Tiny Dorothy Janis had played with Ramon Novarro, in "The Pagan," when she met her future husband just about five years ago. She was the smallest of Hollywood's starlets—less than five feet tall and weighing all of 94 pounds. And she was—and is—very lovely. Her eyes were great pools of slumberous brown, her hair black with the peculiar sheen that bore witness to the Cherokee Indian blood which the Columbia Pictures publicity department had capitalized when she played an Indian girl in "Kit Carson."

While the boys in the band were trying to sweep her off her feet, the great Waltz King favored her with his brightest smile. It was grand fun. It would have been so much more fun had Dorothy realized the look in Wayne's eyes as he watched the cousin lead her away. Yes, that was almost five years ago—and it was about a year afterward that Wayne, who still thought himself heart-whole, made a bet with W. H. Stein, vice-president of the Music Corporation of America. Each put up \$2,000 against his marrying before he was 40. That bet was a good story. Infatuated women took heart, and bought new supplies of pink note paper with which to bombard the King, sentimentally; they had new pictures taken in the hope of interesting him.

And so Wayne had met his future wife—but as yet his eyes remained closed, for neither he nor the astute news-hawks of the press had any idea of what Fate had in store for the two of them. That is scarcely remarkable—for, you see, there had been a couple of false rumors about Wayne and other women, and the

Behind Every King Is the Strong Influence of His Queen. Here Is the Story of the King of Waltz and His Regal Mate



Wayne King would rather play with his daughter's curls and read philosophy in the bosom of his family, than follow any other occupation, even including his beloved music and aviation.

discrediting of these rumors naturally had discouraged the reporters and made them more careful about linking the King's name with that of a woman.

At one time it had been whispered that King was going to marry glamorous Jean Harlow. At another, that he and Edna Torrance, the dancer, were "that way" about each other. Perhaps when these two little heart-furries passed away, harmless, Wayne King himself built up an exaggerated idea of his own immunity to love—so that he failed at first to believe it when his heart tugged him towards tiny Dot Janis. In any case, he made that \$2,000 bet.

Meanwhile, as the months and years passed, Dorothy was climbing her own ladder of success. Her dark beauty flashed across the screen in "Humming Bird," "The Overland Express" and "Luminox." And only a very few knew of the messages that more and more frequently were being exchanged between Chicago and Hollywood. Time passed—and still fewer knew that Dorothy and her mother had begun splitting vaudeville engagements to be house guests at Wayne's new establishment in Winnetka!

Then came the crashing surprise—Wayne and Dot had been married, secretly.

The details came out, of course, after the ceremony. Wayne had managed to secure the actual event from publicity, but he could not avoid the aftermath. Dot had been involved in a lawsuit in Hollywood. Sada Eyzyn Lund, a dancer, had sued her for alienation of the affections of her husband, a talkie sound technician,

while on location in Borneo during July of 1930. She asked \$75,000. The suit was settled out of court in March of 1932, and for much less. Upon its close, Dorothy hurried from Los Angeles to Chicago.

There Wayne was waiting for her—and there, the next day after her arrival, they were married in a snow-storm! Through a blizzard storm of snow they drove to Waukegan, where they obtained a license from County Clerk L. A. Hendee. Then they braved the mounting blizzard back to Highland Park, where with only Mr. Stein as best man they were married by the Reverend Louis W. Sherwin in the parsonage of the Highland Park Presbyterian Church. Dorothy was 21, Wayne 32.

After the ceremony Bill Stein pocketed \$2,000. A bet is a bet, all sentiment to one side!

At once, stories began to fly like bats about the town. According to one of these rumors, the Wayne Kings had flown (Wayne is a licensed pilot) up to a retreat in Wisconsin for a secluded honeymoon. Other reports, mindful of the sort of weather that prevailed on that March day, conceded that they had abandoned flying and motored up. But the gossipers all were nicely fooled. In reality, Wayne and his wife remained right in Chicago.

But this delicious solitude-for-two could not last long. Only a week later Wayne and his bride started on a musical honeymoon during which they traveled 18,540 miles, much of it by plane, while Wayne and the orchestra played 63 cities, and entertained 190,000 dancers!

Hard work? Yes. No performer on the air works harder or more faithfully than King. Perhaps that provides just one more reason for his strong determination to keep his wife away from publicity, and all to himself. He wants to know that when he relaxes from his labors she will be there—all for him.

The Chicago Century of Progress Exposition in 1933 brought still harder work for Wayne. The management at the Aragon expected, of course, that the Fair would increase their business. But they were startled by the enormous throngs that surged nightly into the ballroom almost as soon as the Fair opened. It became apparent immediately that it was the Waltz King who drew them there. Wayne dropped plans for his usual summer tour and settled down to the most grilling season of his life.

Meanwhile, what was happening to Dot? She had become—so far as the public was concerned—almost a hidden woman. Then suddenly, on August 22, 1933, the press and public again were taken completely by surprise. Little Penelope was born. Only Dot's and Wayne's closest and most trusted friends were not surprised. Once again, Wayne had outwitted those who make a business of prying and peeping, and of anticipating "blessed events."

And was she happy, in this almost-oriental seclusion which would irk the average ex-actress, accustomed to public adulation? Yes, Mrs. Wayne King was perfectly happy—and still is. She finds that her life is full, and she wants nothing more. "Woman's place is in the home—when there are children," sums up Dot King's attitude towards this marriage-or-career question.

"And why not?" she might ask. She has her baby, and her husband shares with her his every confidence. It is whispered by those few "in the know" that this strong, sensitive, virile man runs to his tiny wife with every secret, like a little boy turning to his mother. What a beautiful thought, against what a sad background!

Wayne King, the boy who had no mother, has triumphantly found wife, mother and sweetheart—all in one tiny woman. No wonder he guards her jealously, treasures her as a lovely, fragile thing too sacred for the world to know. No wonder she thrills to this strange, ideal combination of tenderness and savage, primitive masculine possessiveness. What woman would not, with a man like Wayne King?

To one and all Wayne gives his music and his smile. Hundreds of times nightly he stretches down a willing hand from the platform. Last summer he gave autograph seekers as many as 500 signatures in a single night. This sort of thing gives the lie to those who say that Wayne is "stuck up" because he refuses to have the details of his private life spread in every scandal sheet from coast to coast. He is the most democratic of men, this Waltz King—even though he can fly into a royal rage when pursued by peepers and pryers. He chooses to keep his home as inviolate as any primitive man's cave. Who is there, man or woman, to say that he is not justified?

And who can say that this home is not a happy one? To it, in the same manner as the humblest laborer in the land, Wayne returns to his wife and child, his pipe, and his books.

Why wouldn't that home be happy?

Polishing Up the Stars

By Fred Champion

Though the Stars Appear before the Microphone Almost Daily, They Manage to Keep Fit. Here's How

Should you happen to come across a stocky chap wearing a battered derby that rests at a jaunty angle on his head, and with his face made up with burnt cork, if you find him jumping through a rope as if his very life depended upon it, don't call the nut-house. He will be Amos, of Amos 'n' Andy, indulging in his favorite outdoor recreation. That's how Amos gets his daily exercise—skipping rope.

The stars have various methods of keeping themselves polished up to keen fettle for their work. Some do it through exercise alone—some do it through mild recreation—some—but here are dozens of individual stories in detail.

Jessica Dragonette believes in a real rough-and-tumble (!) exercise to keep her as fit as the proverbial fiddle. After an hour or two of her favorite "sport," Jessica retires to her couch for her nap, completely fagged out from her capers. What does she do? She reads for her exercise!

Then there is Grace Hayes, talented NBC star. Whenever Grace gets the opportunity she clambers into her Alpine costume and proceeds to climb the rocky crags of this or that mountain.

Grace Allen, like Jessica Dragonette, believes in eating her cake and having it. Grace, despite her dumb role on the air, is smart enough to realize the benefits attached to keeping fit and trim through some form of muscle flexing; so at least once a night she rolls up her sleeves and sits down to a strenuous game of bridge. Grace claims it exercises her brain (if any).

The good old Scotch game of golf leads the sports parade of the radio stars. George Burns, Bing Crosby, Jack Benny, Freddie Rich, Little Jack Little, Al Jolson, Nick Lucas, Frederic William Wile, Irving Berlin, Eddie Cantor, Ben Bernie, George Olsen and Buddy Rogers are a few of the rabid bugs. All the boys swear that they can break 80 on any course, but that story can be accepted or left. Tall story telling also is a leading exercise medium for the stars when it comes to telling how good they really are about their sports accomplishments.

Examination of the above statement shows that there isn't a single female radio star in the imposing golf list. Apparently the gals don't like the idea of hitting an inoffensive little pellet and then chasing it for miles and miles.

Whatever athletic benefits are attached to fur farming will remain a mystery. Nevertheless, Lowell Thomas swears that running such a farm gives him his exercise and keeps him fit.

Rosa Ponselle used to swear by golf, but when she got around to swearing at it she forsook the pasture for bicycle riding. The stormy operatic star pulls on her trusty bloomers and goes riding gaily off at the slightest opportunity, humming "On A Bicycle Built

for Two," though really, for reportorial accuracy, the bike is built for but one.

Nino Martini and Grete Stueckgold, Rosa's fellow operatic stars, believe in riding also, but they prefer the prancing steeds to the bike. Phil Harris, the curly-haired maestro, also likes to canter along the bridge paths.

Cantor, the pop-eyed comedian, likes to swim as well as play golf. The six-beat crawl and back stroke also receive a lot of attention from Jane Ace, Rosemary and Priscilla Lane, H. V. Kaltenborn, Paul Keast, Arthur Bagley (who also lists walking as one of his vices), Donald Novis, Gladys Swarthout and Leah Ray.

Countess Albani is one of the few licensed air pilots among radio stars. When not flying she can be observed at the beach.

Phillips Lord's fine fettle vice is too well known to need repeating here. The "Country Doctor" is the proud possessor of one of the finest yachts afloat. At present he's cruising the wonder spots of the world in his floating palace.

The two Jimmies, Wallington and Melton, also aspire to the skipper cap, but unlike Phillips Lord, they have to be satisfied with smaller craft to command. Wallington has a sailboat, while Melton spins the wheel of a 50-foot cruiser along the Long Island Sound.

Other radio yachtsmen are Curtis ("Buck Rogers") Arnall, who is exceptionally proud of his sailboat that was built in China of specially matched teakwood planks; Boake Carter, Channon Collier, Hugh Conrad, Scoopridge and Budd and the Lombardos.

The fore and back-hand swingers are legion in radio. Chunky Morton Downey is the most rabid tennis player among the lot, but running him a close race are Johnny Green, Peggy Keenan, Albert Spalding, Sylvia Froos, Fray and Braggiotti, Ford Bond, Ann Leaf and Vera Van.

Roller skating is the latest fad among the radio lads and gals for exercise and recreational polishing, but sad to relate, the ranks of the roller skaters rapidly are being depleted. The Central Park Mall in New York is the favorite rendezvous for the ball-bearing converts. The Speedway along the Harlem river is another favorite spot for this sport.

Edwin C. Hill, Gertrude Niesen, Wilfred Glenn and a few lesser lights are Isaac Walton disciples; but if you believe their exorbitant tales of catches—well, that's your business. You know the reputation fishermen have for veracity.

Ted Fiorito believes in the good old bone-crunching method of exercise. This energetic maestro is happiest when he's in a gym with boxing gloves on, trading pokes and jabs. Ralph Kirby is an accomplished nimrod and can hit the side of a barn at fifty paces—which is some shooting! John Barclay has a sensible fad—camping. That's a grand idea of keeping fit, fun, sport and exercise. Arthur Allen swears by gardening.

Boake Carter, ace Columbia commentator, enjoys



Al Jolson (left) and Irving Berlin (right) admit they shoot around eighty—when telling it to their friends



Countess Albani spends all of her spare time at the beach, when she's not broadcasting or flying her plane. Tune in on this NBC artist some Friday

the distinction of having a unique method of keeping keen. Boake declares that a tiny glass of aged-in-wood spirits daily is the greatest muscle stimulant extant.

Uncle Don is partial to golf, but the greatest thing in the world to keep a man on his toes, says the famed Uncle Don, is to romp about with a child for an hour or so. The Uncle has found by experience that an hour of this usually is sufficient to put a man in bed with a body full of aching bones and muscles—unless he's used to it.

Pappy, Zeke, Ezra and Elton go in for gawking in a great big way. What you've never heard of gawking as a health measure? Well, the boys admit that the only part of the anatomy that benefits through this method is the neck, which usually winds up pretty sore and lame after an hour or so of looking up at skyscrapers.

Nick Lucas, the crooner, has an odd method which he employs for several hours each day. Nick is a great mandolin player, and in order to keep his fingers as supple as possible, he squeezes a rubber ball, first in one hand and then in the other.

Gene and Glenn, WEAF's comedy duo, are great handball enthusiasts. Two and three times per week the funsters go to their favorite gymnasium and take to the courts. The lads are crack players and quite often have won cigar money by betting on themselves.

Muriel Wilson, WABC soprano, is a firm believer in the daily dozen. Every morning Miss Wilson turns on her gramophone, playing the exercise record, and goes through the ritual of stooping and bending.

Abe Lyman is a great dance enthusiast. Almost like the motorman who goes for a trolley car ride on his day off, Lyman likes to trip the light fantastic to the strains of fast, peppy music at every opportunity. Abe knows all the latest steps, and he makes a striking figure as he glides up and down the polished floors. Occasionally he might golf, but as a general rule he sticks to dancing for his exercise.

Joe Cook's polishing up program is all mental. He racks his brain every moment trying to think up some screwy invention or other. He's the greatest practical joker in radio. Incidentally, Joe's brainstorms are the most expensive exercise mediums around.

George Jessel and Ben Bernie exercise their pocket-books. The lads have a terrific yen for the galloping bangtails. They may be seen at the race tracks at every leisure opportunity—when Ben isn't playing bridge. While the horses get the real exercise, the radio stars exercise their wallets betting on the ponies. It's a grand system, but a terrific strain on the heart!



Nino Martini would rather ride than do anything else. Hear him any Wednesday evening over a CBS network

A Queen Must Reign!

New Upsets and New Entrants Intensify the Race for Queen of Radio, 1934. Have YOU Given YOUR Favorite Full Support?

The standings in Radio Guide's nation-wide hunt for a Radio Queen are bubbling around like corks in a storm. First Leah Ray rode the crest, then the distinguished Rosa Ponselle. And now the jewel-like Jessica Dragonette has ascended to leadership!

At the moment of going to press the beautiful Jessica led the parade with a total of 3,992 votes. With-in easy hailing distance are Leah Ray, with a total of 3,846 and Harriet Hilliard, with 3,785. Rosa Ponselle, last week's leader, has been relegated to the fourth place spot, with a total of 3,679 ballots.

The fans are enjoying to the utmost their new-found powers. As one tuner-inner wrote: "At last the stars are but puppets in our hands. We pull the strings and they hop and jump up and down the standings. It's quite a thrill, this casting of ballots."

YOUR star is depending on YOUR vote. The balloting ceases on September 8. During the week of September 19-29 the victor will be escorted to Madison Square Garden, the scene of the annual National Electrical and Radio Exposition, where the movie cameras and radio microphones will record the coronation.

The editors of Radio Guide and the sponsors of the show are determined to make this year's coronation the event of the century. Radio Queens have been crowned in the past, it's true; but a tyrannical minority always selected them. This year and this election mark the first time that the people of the radio empire have had a direct hand in nominating their Queen.

The prize and honor for your favorite are worth fighting for. In addition to the glory attached to the coronation, the Queen will receive the benefit of a generous budget which will be lavished on her entertainment. A suite in one of New York's finest hotels and a round of theaters, night clubs and other joy spots have been mapped out for her. All travel expenses incidental to the coronation will be paid for by Radio Guide. In addition, all expenses of a traveling companion to the Queen have been included in this budget.

The nominations are made in the following fashion: The radio newspaper columnists throughout the nation are submitting the names of artists in their vicinity. Each columnist may submit as many names as he desires, the only restriction being that each nominee must have

been a regular performer on a radio station prior to June 1, 1934.

At this point individual nomination ceases. From here on the selection of the Radio Queen rests solely on the collective shoulders of the Radio Guide audience.

In addition, individual balloting on the part of radio listeners and readers of Radio Guide will constitute a nomination. But every candidate so nominated must receive at least ten listener-reader votes, cast on the ballot provided on this page. No candidate will be considered a nominee until ten votes have been cast in her behalf. These votes will be counted for her.

Remember, no radio artist is barred! If an artist on your home town station meets with your conception of a Radio Queen, nominate her by all means. She has a fighting chance of reaching the top, providing you enlist your townfolk in her behalf!

In the event that your local radio columnist fails to make nominations, the radio stations may submit the names of artists.

The nominations of the columnists will be carried in each issue of Radio Guide. This week the following writers make these nominations:

Robert Wells, radio editor of the New York *Enquirer* — Honey Sinclair, Rosemary Lane, Jane Froman, Baby Ryan, Arlene Jackson.

Frederick Thoms, radio editor of the Bridgeport *Times-Star* — Annette Hanshaw, Vivienne Segal, Jessica Dragonette, Vera Van, Edith Murray.

Radio station WCCO, Minneapolis, Minnesota, nominates Penny Perry, one of the station's stars.

Mabel Hunt, radio editor of the Southeast (Cal.) *Advertiser* — Mabel Todd, of the Al Pearce Gang.

The ballot coupon is printed herewith. Fill in the name of the radio artist who meets with your conception of a Radio Queen, and send it to the Radio Exposition Editor, Radio Guide, 551 Fifth Avenue, New York City, New York. You may cast as many ballots as you wish, providing they bear your authentic signature and address.

STANDING OF ENTRANTS

Jessica Dragonette	3,992
Leah Ray	3,846
Harriet Hilliard	3,785
Rosa Ponselle	3,679
Ruth Etting	3,353
Gertrude Niesen	3,346
Rosemary Lane	2,973
Olga Albani	2,894
Edith Murray	2,815
Annette Hanshaw	2,812
Ethel Shutta	2,618
Muriel Wilson	2,314
Loretta Lee	2,219
Dorothy Page	2,204
Doris Shumate	2,201
Babs Ryan	2,110
Jane Froman	2,108
Irene Beasley	2,014
Sylvia Froos	1,896
Shirley Howard	1,853
Mary Barclay	1,719
Vera Van	1,705
Ruth Lee	1,516
Mary Rooney	1,509
Joy Hodges	1,508
Mona Van	1,502
Marian McAfee	1,468
Dorothy Adams	1,433

Grace Albert	1,322
Rosaline Greene	1,292
Lee Wiley	1,226
Julia Sanderson	1,397



Lee Wiley, one of the newest nominees in the Queen Race, is on tour at present with Bob Crosby

Kate Smith	1,198	Schumann-Heink	259
Jane Pickens	1,147	Irene Rich	231
Joy Lynne	1,009	Judy Talbot	206
Ramona	1,073	Connie Boswell	203
Grace Allen	1,013	Alice Remsen	199
Sandra	992	Anna Melba	157
(Dixie Debs)		Irene Wicker	156
Linda Parker	981	Emmie Ann Lincoln	152
Gretchen Davidson			
	975	Roxanne Wallace	140
Alice Faye	914	Arlene Jackson	133
Marge (Myrt & Marge)	715	Vet Boswell	106
Priscilla Lane	701	Beatrice Church-	
Lillian Roth	672	ill	97
Jane Meredith	613	Florence Case	85
Mary Eastman	598	Ruby Keeler	81
Gale Page	584	Mother Moran	76
Gladys Swarthout	568	Dorothy Hicks	70
Frances Langford	545	Lucille Hall	63
Louise Massey	532	Louise Sanders	50
Virginia Hamilton	507	Marion Jordan	47
Elsie Hitz	488	Jane Ace	31
Mary Livingstone	450	Ruby Wright	26
Maxine Gray	421	Fannie Cava-	
Alice Joy	412	naugh	23
Grace Hayes	402	Nan Johnson	19
Mary Steele	375	Grace Donaldson	19
Mickey Greener	327	Ruth Russell	19
Myrt (Myrt & Marge)	311	Frances Baldwin	16
Peggy Healy	283	Lillian Bucknam	15
		Mary Small	15
		Martha Mears	14

Radio Queen Ballot

Joint Sponsorship of the National Electrical and Radio Exposition and Radio Guide

My choice is

My name is

I live at

(street and number)

.....

(city and state)

My favorite radio stations, in order of preference, are:

1 2 3 4 5

This convenient size will allow the ballot to be pasted on a one-cent postcard. Mail to Radio Exposition Editor—RADIO GUIDE, 551 Fifth Avenue, New York City 8-18-34



Jane Pickens is giving herself a much-earned vacation from the airwaves.

Only Three More Weeks to Vote for Your Queen. Send in Your Ballot NOW!

The Thrill-Maker

When an event of international importance is picked up at a moment's notice, as smoothly as if it had been rehearsed for months—when the National Broadcasting Company makes a "scoop" on the arrival of a prominent aviator, or gives a description of activities from the bottom of the ocean—chances are that William Burke ("Skeets") Miller is behind it all. His official title is Director of Special Broadcasts, and his specialty is the unusual. The more impossible the job, the more determined Miller is to accomplish it. More than that, Miller is one of the bravest men in radio. When not bringing listeners the news of the country even while it is in the making, he's raking his neck, for Skeets isn't content to be an executive. What the stunt man is to the movies, Miller is to radio.

There was the time the Navy was testing out a device to help sailors escape from a grounded submarine. Sometimes, when a submarine gets stuck on the bottom, it is possible for its crew and officers to escape one by one—but always there had to be a last man, unable to work the mechanism of escape himself, who was obliged to perish alone in the deserted submarine. This new device was intended to get the last man out automatically, thereby saving his life, too. Skeets had an idea.

"Wonder what it feels like to be the last man escaping from a submarine?" he mused. "The radio audience would be interested to know!" So he suggested to the Navy that he be permitted to test out this new device—and make a broadcast over a portable transmitter while floating up to the surface of the water! The Navy politely declined. They didn't want any dead civilians floating about! But Skeets found a way around that. He managed to get himself appointed to the Navy for this special job of scientific experimentation. And in its testing tank he floated up through 100 feet of water—broadcasting through a special hood as he went!

This sort of thing has happened often in Miller's life. He will go anywhere, with his little portable transmitter, that the most daring cameraman will venture. Yet he's so tiny that his courage seems like the heart of a lion in the body of a mouse. For Skeets (the nickname is taken from "mosquito") is barely over five feet in height, and he weighs only 118 pounds.

Just 30 years old, he first came into prominence when awarded the Pulitzer prize for his interviews with Floyd Collins. It may be remembered that Collins was held fast in Sand Cave near Louisville, Kentucky. Skeets wiggled through the small opening into the cave, and thus approached the trapped and imprisoned man, a highly dangerous feat, possible only to a man of small stature but great courage.

With the congratulations of his own paper, the *Louisville Courier-Journal*, came the news that he would be welcome on the staff of the *New York World*. Miller was studying voice at the time, and embraced the opportunity to continue his training in New York. His work with the Kentucky paper had included some announcing and singing over WHAS, so when he joined the staff of the *World* in 1926 he took an audition for announcing at NBC, and failed.

NBC's Special Events Man, "Skeets" Miller, Seeks Thrills in Work and in Play—All for Better Listener Enjoyment



"Skeets" Miller, who despises the type of man who prefers sipping sodas and reading books to rinking his neck a dozen times a week for a thrill. Note his genial expression.

Skeets says he owes his present job to Zeh Bouch, former *World* columnist, who in 1927 published the statement that the copy from the NBC press department was becoming increasingly bad; that the publicity writ-

ers must be overworked. On the spur of the moment Miller carried the paper to G. W. Johnstone, and advised that the broadcasting company hire him.

"But our staff is quite complete," was the answer, "we have three men." Nevertheless, Skeets saw to it that he left a written application on file. A month later he received a call from Johnstone, asking him to report for immediate work. The work not only was immediate but important—for it was the day that Lindbergh took off for his epochal flight to France.

No picture of Skeets Miller would be complete if it merely suggested that he's a sort of glorified stunt man. Even though he seems to hide behind official titles, the one which NBC has bestowed upon him is no empty phrase. While a reporter from Radio Guide sat in his office, the brief interview was broken by important telephone calls concerning arrangements for broadcasts of the Indiana Motor Speedway, the West Point Graduation, a preview of the industrial progress of the next century in Chicago, a reception at City Hall, the Navy review and an ascent into the stratosphere.

All of these events, to be held within the space of approximately seventeen days, represented but a small portion of one day's arrangements in the life of Skeets Miller. In the meantime he was awaiting a plane which would carry him to Chicago for an event expected to take place within fourteen hours. And with all of these activities, he apologized with unaffected charm for interrupting the interview!

That sort of courtesy explains why little Skeets is one of the most popular men at NBC. He never "puts on the dog," and his boyish grin belies his phenomenal ability. Only one official touch of the big executive does he allow himself; ironically enough, this man without fear has erected an imposing front of frigid secretaries and assistants—to protect him from busybodies!

Miller considers his most interesting experiences the submarine broadcast, reporting the Mollison "crack up," the Lindbergh kidnapping and America's cup races in 1930. His job interests him more than anything else in life, and he says he'll never retire—just die in harness. And even in his hobbies—horseback riding and driving a car—he finds an outlet for his restless driving power.

They tell a good story about this. Once Skeets bought a beautiful black stallion in the South; brought him up to New York's Central Park. Apparently Skeet's job wasn't providing enough thrills! Black as coal and huge as a mountain the stallion seemed.

The stallion laid back its black and wicked ears and bore down the bridge path. Skeets, knees gripping, stuck to the brute.

It was magnificent—but it wasn't Central Park! A hard-riding mounted policeman finally overtook the pair of them. "Get down!" he shouted. "Get down outta that!" Mildly surprised, Skeets pulled up and dismounted. The cop looked from him to the horse in admiration and resentment. "You're not big enough," he said, "to keep that horse from being dangerous!"

And so Skeets was unhorsed—not by his stallion, but by a cop!

Music in the Air

By Carleton Smith

Important executives and great musicians alike have difficulties with the studio clock. The broadcasting day cannot be extended. Advertising officials were ready to sign the stars and repeat Cadillac's program of last season. Alfred P. Sloan, Jr., the General Motors official most enthusiastic about public response to the series, was ready to get on the air and stay on.

But—and that but was a big one—Mr. Sloan wants the same hour as last season, eight o'clock EDT on Sunday evening. NBC has sold part of that time. Columbia tried, but couldn't deliver the hour. Last week Mr. Sloan felt word to "put the idea on the back of the stove" and went on his vacation. Not a move will be made until his return September 1.

LAWRENCE TIBBETTS' managers, Evans and Salter, report they are weighing three offers for the baritone's radio services this winter. The cachet offered by each sponsor is about the same, but juggling is for preference as to the manner in which Tibbett will be presented. It will not be in a regular recital, as his Firestone series has been. The making of his movie, "The Return of the Gaucho," has been cancelled. M-G-M wanted certain concessions in plot and numbers. Tibbett felt otherwise. His winter radio plans will be settled within the week.

BOTH NETWORKS report an increase in the radio audience's desire for the more substantial types of music. NBC announces that it has been quietly conducting a thorough investigation of preferences in music. All studio visitors are handed a small questionnaire, asking them to put down the hours and the type of pro-

grams they enjoy. The sales and program staffs of the affiliated network stations have interviewed thousands of people in all walks of life, studied mail, and have ascertained that musical taste is beginning a new era in which serious music will be preferred.

NBC, therefore, announces, beginning in October, four full-hour broadcasts of great music every week, from Monday to Thursday, in addition to the customary periods of past seasons. They state a policy that will be welcome to every music lover. Music in the smaller forms, trios, quartets, lieder and art-songs, all the intimate music that the radio has heretofore neglected, will be included in these programs. And Columbia states that 23 per cent of its total air time is occupied by "classical" music, as against six per cent five years ago. Twenty-six hours are given to the better music each week, while all other types of programs occupy eight-and-a-half hours.

FOR THE NEXT two weeks Sir Hamilton Harty, one of England's three outstanding conductors, will direct the broadcasts of the Chicago Symphony over NBC. Sir Hamilton passed through this country last season en route to New Zealand. At that time he made a decided hit with the verve and sparkle of his readings. In Chicago he was a sensation. During his broadcasts, there will surely be a plenitude of English music, and perhaps a dash of Sir Hamilton's native Irish wit.

Certainly, it was not he to whom the English critic,

Ernest Newman, referred when he discussed Elgar performances. After explaining the misconceptions of the late Sir Edward's works, Mr. Newman said the excitement and lack of understanding of English conductors of this music reminded him of the old Grecian story of the ass. The animal so loved his master that, in his rapture, he put his front legs around his master's neck and brought him to the ground.

"The ass was given a sound beating for his misplaced affection, but," Mr. Newman adds, "had he lived in England in our own time, he would no doubt have been awarded a musical knighthood."

The English crown has not conferred any titles upon conductors since the review was published!

THE CHAMBER MUSICALES on Sunday evenings are serving a worthy purpose in presenting the lesser-known works. Another good purpose would be to allocate part of the sustaining time to superlative performances of well-selected contemporary compositions. When we listen to a new work on a regular program (seldom as that actually is), we hear it against a background of all the great music that has been written.

We must make some conscious provision for the welfare of and the creative vitality of our time.

PROGRAMS: (*Time Shown is Eastern Daylight*)—The Morning Musicals offers a unique program Sunday (August 12, NBC at 11:05 a. m.). The first performance of Robert Braine's suite for violin and piano is scheduled. Josef Stopak, concertmaster of the NBC Symphony, will be the violinist. Braine will be at the piano. (Continued on Page 13)

Hell's Holiday

By Theodore Orchards

Thrilling Factual Account of the Attempted Riot and Jailbreak at Auburn Prison—Another Story in the Series, "Calling All Cars", Portraying Radio as the Defender of Law

The whisper ran through the gray halls of Auburn Prison: "Here comes the Warden!"

As that dignitary's heavy footsteps sounded closer, men in gray drew back into doorways and side corridors, mingling with the shadows. Only a few moments previously they had marched into the main prison yard as part of the dangerous "idle" group, supposedly for their daily portion of fresh air. But here and there a man had slipped out of line, until half a dozen were lurking, like starved wolves waiting for their prey.

The clock in the prison tower struck ten. It was the zero hour. Lean, dangerous "Buffalo" Sullivan, who faced twenty years for robbery, raised his hand in the agreed signal.

Warden Jennings heard soft, pattering footsteps behind him, and turned to feel a pistol jammed into his middle.

"One peep out of you," whispered Sullivan hoarsely, "and we'll blow you to hell. Come on!"

Jennings, the "fighting warden," stood with arms upraised as the convicts rifled his pockets of revolver and of money. Speechless and paralyzed with fright, the white-haired, handsome ex-army officer felt himself shoved along down the corridor.

He gasped and gurgled, but the desperate long-termers who had kidnaped him, cared nothing for his authority. They had set out upon the playing of a wild game, with liberty as the reward—if the incredible happened and they won their thousand-to-one chance.

"What are you going to do with me?" gasped Jennings.

Henry Sullivan stared at him through narrow, insane eyes. "We're going to let you live—if they let us out!"

Down in the basement of the Administration building at that moment, a convict was standing before the barred window of the "box-office."

"Something for me?" he inquired.

Guard David Winney was sitting at the other end of a long table, methodically inspecting the contents of the boxes which convicts are permitted to receive from their families at stated times. He stood up, found a box labeled "Leo Lewis," and brought it to the window.

But Leo Lewis didn't want his cake and cigarets this time. He shoved a gun through the bars as Guard Winney approached.

"Come on, screw, open the door!"

The muzzle of the gun wasn't six inches from Winney's face. How the weapon had got inside the prison he could not guess, but it was pretty certain that if there was a gun there would be bullets, too. And Winney liked living as much as most men.

He weighed his chances carefully. There was no use making a break for his own gun, which lay at the other end of the table. Besides, this looked like the big blow-up which had been rumored so long.

Only this morning a guard had overheard one convict shout down the cell block to a pal: "If you're going out with us, wear your fur coat, because it's plenty cold!" This had been followed by a roar of laughter—but was it a joke, after all?

Winney's mind worked with split-second precision.



Scene at Auburn, showing a section of the prison where the fighting was at its worst and (insert, upper left) Henry "Buffalo" Sullivan, the leader who lost his life when his men turned against him



George Durnford, whose share in the riot will stand as a record of nerve and misguided bravery



Warden Edgar S. Jennings held hostage for hours under pain of death, powerless to give aid

The most important thing was to get word to Warden Jennings.

"All right, I'll open the door," he said. And then, as a smile spread across the dark face at the wicket window, Winney threw himself sideways.

The gun roared once, knocking plaster from the wall just above his head. But the guard went on—not to open the door which led from the office into the basement corridor, but to throw himself through another which opened into the prison yard.

He slammed it behind him just in time, for two more bullets flattened themselves against the steel door. Lewis, the convict at the window, roared and shook the bars in his rage—for if the box-office door had been opened by Winney at the pistol's point, only two more doors would have stood between the convicts and freedom.

Winney burst breathlessly into the Guard's Room and tried to spread the alarm. Snatching up a telephone, he found the line dead. Somehow the convicts had managed to clip every telephone and alarm line in the prison!

Meanwhile, Sullivan and his picked aides had marched Warden Jennings through the south portion of the prison, capturing and disarming guard after guard as they went. Some of the "screws" were overpowered before they realized that the familiar figure of the warden had not appeared on one of his usual tours of inspection. Others handed over their guns wearily as they faced the menacing muzzles which threatened death.

Guns in the prison—guns that had appeared, no one ever knew how, to turn the quiet, beaten stirrings into masters of the situation! And it was not only Sullivan and his aides who were armed. Now, as the hands of the prison clock passed the hour of ten-fifteen, fifty more men stepped out of the "idle" group in the prison yard. Pulling pistols from underneath



Dorothy Mazley, the girl whom the ringleader of the riot wanted to break out of jail to visit

their gray blouses, they burst into the south wing of the prison.

With the precision which comes only from long planning and expert leadership, they set about rounding up guards. Unluckily, Warden Jennings did not believe in the practice long in force at other prisons, which provides for arming guards with only nightsticks, so that they carry no firearms which revolving prisoners can seize. Every captured guard yielded up another pistol and more ammunition as the odding circles of revolt spread through the prison.

Principal Keeper George Durnford noted as one of the squarest and most respected officials of the prison, heard Guard Winney's breathless report of the attempt at forcing the door of the "box-room." He ran headlong into the south building where the rebellion was at its hottest.

He came down a stairway and saw the warden and six captured guards handcuffed one to another, and being marched along the corridor as a screen for the

gray-clad convicts behind them. Durnford's gun was out, and with a reckless bravery which surpasses the behavior of the other prison officials on that dark day, he defied the reckless mob.

"Set the warden free!" he roared.

But he dared not shoot, for his bullets would have had to tear through Warden Jennings and the other captives before finding their mark. Durnford hesitated, tried for a better aim...

"Bam!" Henry Sullivan, who had sworn to let nothing stand in the way of his desperate break for freedom and the open air, had fired over the Warden's shoulder—and the "P. K." came crashing down the last few steps of the stairs, head first.

He was dead when they came up to him. "Good enough!" said Sullivan. Durnford was the most dangerous official in the prison, the best shot and the hardest man to frighten or trick.

Sullivan was going out, somehow. He had resolved that with all the intensity of his lone-wolf, criminal nature. The men standing at his shoulder, Tuckalka, Pavoni, and the rest, were all members of the infamous Buffalo mob, ignorant Poles who had sworn eternal war upon Society and who now were moved by blind antisocial hate and resentment against the discipline and strictness of their guards. But Sullivan thought only of getting out.

Back in Buffalo, Frank Sullivan had a girl. Pretty Dorothy Mazley had helped him spend his money when he was free and in funds. She had hidden him when he was hunted as a robber, had fought for him at his trial and had come here every visiting day to talk with him through the screen.

And now she no longer came to Auburn. She didn't write. Maybe something had happened to her. Maybe she had taken up with another man. Sullivan couldn't wait to find out the answer. (Continued on Page 23)



Carson Robison, who may be heard any Thursday evening over a CBS-WABC network

Carson Robison was bred in Chetopa, Kansas, son of the state's champion fiddler. Railroad man and pioneer in the Oklahoma and Texas oil fields, he still clung to his boyhood interest in singing and whistling the old-fashioned songs, as well as his attempts at song-writing.

Upon leaving the army after the war, Carson decided that he would prefer starvation as a musician to riches in oil. After a few hard months he became one of the first entertainers on station WDAF, where immediate success won him a loyal midwest following. This inspired him to go to New York City. His musical ability as a singer, whistler, guitarist and harmonica player obtained for him an immediate Victor recording contract. Since then his career has been marked by one success after another. During the last seven years Carson Robison has composed more than one hundred

Signposts of Success

Revealed by the Lines of Your Face

By "The Doctor"

Carson Robison Calls Forth "The Doctor's" Commendation for Character and Ability—with Good Reason

and fifty songs, which have been recorded by him and with Frank Luther for phonograph companies; and he has sung with his Buckaroos on both major radio networks in numerous important programs.

I have heard this man's work on the radio, and it is a pleasant change from the average musical broadcast. As most people already know more about his professional appearances than I do, I shall take up no time with guessing at that part of his story. My science does not tell what work a person is doing. It tells what he is best fitted to do, so I shall reveal some things which haven't yet been published.

The most obvious thing in this face is a very definite hardihood—an ability to stand both mental and physical punishment. He has a great deal of courage, an unusual amount for a musician; yet he is every inch a musician. Undoubtedly, Mr. Robison would have enjoyed classical music and made a success of it, had he been interested in this instead of the traditional folk melodies. He has a strong melodic sense and a good musical education. This, with his fine perception of harmony, places his work far above the average hill-billy or cowboy singer. Hardihood is visible down toward the corner of the jawbone. It is located next to independence.

Carson is not temperamental. He is quite practical in his work, and has no whims or furbelows. Social formalities hold little appeal for him . . . not because he doesn't feel he can take part in such things gracefully; he could if he wished, but he thinks it all rather foolish. Does this mean that he isn't much "fun" on a party? Not at all, Carson Robison is a genial host, an excellent story-teller and has a remarkably keen sense of humor. When he does find himself thrown into a social function he makes the very best of it, and goes into the game with as much enthusiasm as if it were something he liked. He has this ability, and the fullness of the temples just before the hairline shows a highly developed sense of words and sounds.

I imagine this gentleman is married, for his face

shows loyalty to family and a great love of children. There is fidelity to those in whom he is interested, and a positive indication of ability to form and maintain strong friendships.

If Mr. Robison hadn't taken up music as a vocation, he could have made a success of ranch life. And had he continued his work in the West, he would have made others toe the mark. In fact, he has to exercise that congeniality to keep from handling his fellow musicians too harshly. Furthermore, he is cautious. This we know because of the prominence in the upper cheek . . . really on the front of the cheekbone itself.

Carson Robison has a large amount of love for animals, and would rather play with them, or with children, than attend the aforementioned parties with adults. On the farm or ranch it is likely he would go in for raising animal pets, that he would have been a dog fancier or stock fancier, producing prize specimens. Surely, he would have been more than an ordinary cowboy. I believe he never thought of it but, with reasonable training Carson would have become a splendid veterinary surgeon. His only trouble would have been his dislike for hurting the animals . . . even when necessary. The upper lip is the location of amity, reform and sociability.

Music publishing could have proven a successful career also for Mr. Robison, but he would have found it necessary to have someone else look after the money.

And that is the story of Carson Robison . . . musician, cowboy, friend and philanthropist!

Bulls and Boners

Announcer: "People who have been working hard on their feet all day will want some of this Perfect Footbath powder."—Eula Lorie, Standard, Ill. July 12; WBBM; 9:10 a. m.

Announcer: "All the time new ways are being found to treat diseases that are better than the old ones."—Isla Sutherland, Ft. Collins, Colo. July 18; KOA; 9:05 a. m.

Announcer: "He planted his own garden this spring and also took care of chickens on crutches."—Mary E. Bender, Tiltonville, Ohio. July 17; WLW; 7:50 a. m.

Announcer: "Come to the Canton Tea Gardens and enjoy the Oriental dishes and music by Jack Russell."—Mrs. E. M. Hingst, Burlington, Iowa. July 7; WBBM; 12:29 p. m.

One dollar is paid for each Bull and Boner published. Date, name of station and hour must be included.

Flashes of Best Fun

Sound: Phone rings. Receiver clicks.
Bottle: Who was that, sir?
Baker: It was the midget ice-skater. He can't do his act.
Bottle: Why not?
Baker: Someone stole his ice-cube!

Armour Hour

Gene: And you had a fight with your dentist?
Mac: Uh-huh. I was fightin' to save a tooth.
Gene: How did it come out?
Mac: It ended in a draw. —Stetson Minstrels

Mickey: He's climbing up in the tree, teacher!
Professor: (calling) Be careful, Izzy!
Tony: Hey, teach—teach! If Izzy falls down and breaks his neck, can I have his watch?
—Kaltenmeyer's Kindergarten

Givot (to museum attendant): If you know what's good for you you'll lift that statue off the floor, because Cecil doesn't like it!

Attendant: I'm going to leave that statue exactly where it is so that my boss can see it. What do you mean, Cecil doesn't like it?

Givot: Because Cecil is under the statue!
—George Givot's Program

Open Door to Beauty

By V. E. Meadows

Director of the Beauty Guild of the Air Answers Perplexing Problems on the Use of Cosmetics, the Removal of Skin Blemishes, Et Cetera

I have received so many letters from readers that I have decided to devote this entire article to ironing out their perplexing beauty problems. While my answers are aimed at individuals, the problems are so universal in scope that the remedies herein described may be applied to any woman encountering similar beauty troubles.

Miss M. S. of California, asks the following question:

Q. I am having an awful time trying to obtain a cream that doesn't make my skin break out in small pimples and rashes. Why is this?

A. Judging from the contents of your letter, your skin should not be extremely delicate or thin. Therefore I think the reason your face breaks out when you apply the cream is that the skin itself is trying to purge itself of large pores and blackheads. Of course a rancid cream will cause pimples and rashes to appear, but in the event that your cream is above reproach in this direction, my advice to you is to leave your face untouched by any creams. Many skins attempt the elimination of impurities of their own volition. Your skin apparently fits into this category. Leave your facial eruptions untouched by cream, instruments or fingers, and your face will be unmarked when Nature finishes her work.

Q. I have an extremely dry skin. Will you please give me the name of a good emollient cream that may be applied overnight?

A. I am forwarding you the name of a marvelous liquid cleanser, which serves a double purpose in that it lubricates as well as cleanses. Apply this

liquid and leave on overnight. It will penetrate the pores and liquify the foreign matter. Nature will do the rest.

Q. Is the soluble olive oil you referred to several issues ago, different from the pure Italian oil one may purchase at the grocery store?

A. Yes. Pure Italian olive oil for edible purposes is not soluble in water. I am mailing you the name of a specially prepared product suited to you.

Q. I am making a western trip, and desire to keep my baggage down to a minimum. Please describe my cosmetic needs.

A. Here is a list of cosmetic essentials: A liquid cleanser, base cream, face powder and finishing lotion. If you do not have room to pack a skin tonic in your kit, cold water may be used. Naturally you will need cheek and lip rouge, but this, of course, does not require much packing space.

Q. Is a facial freshener supposed to tighten up enlarged pores?

A. No. An astringent or freshener will not close or tighten pores that are clogged. Please remember that an open pore contains foreign material, and cannot close until this matter has been removed. The pores do not open and close on the surface of the skin. It is the valve at the bottom of the pore that opens and closes with heat and cold.

Q. Is it necessary to use a base cream? I have just applied my powder after using the skin tonic.

A. A skin tonic is not a base for powder. A base must be used, and it must be a thick, greasy cream, applied very thinly, with the skin tonic used to spread it evenly.

The Child's Hour

By Nila Mack

The Child Who Is Beautiful and Self-Conscious, Receives the Attention of the Director of All Children's Program for CBS

As the child grows, the child who is beautiful and self-conscious, receives the attention of the Director of All Children's Program for CBS.

The child who is beautiful and self-conscious, receives the attention of the Director of All Children's Program for CBS.

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Your Grouch Box

Radio is democratic. That means that the will of the majority rules. The few who are not in the majority are not heard.

Radio is democratic. That means that the will of the majority rules. The few who are not in the majority are not heard.

There's a sizzling letter from a man who resents gilded radio announcers.

Dear Editor: I am a man who has been a radio listener for many years. I have heard many fine announcers, but I have also heard many who are nothing more than gilded radio announcers.

I have heard many fine announcers, but I have also heard many who are nothing more than gilded radio announcers.

Port Arthur, Texas. C. M. F. S. A. STEEL

Radio is words, this music-lover claims. Dear Editor: I am a man who has been a radio listener for many years. I have heard many fine announcers, but I have also heard many who are nothing more than gilded radio announcers.

Have you a radio? If so, give your radio a good listening. Your Grouch Box, 434 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

The child who is beautiful and self-conscious, receives the attention of the Director of All Children's Program for CBS.

In radio dramatics, I have come in contact, naturally, with many instances of beautiful and talented children who are self-conscious.

The child who is beautiful and self-conscious, receives the attention of the Director of All Children's Program for CBS.

The child who is beautiful and self-conscious, receives the attention of the Director of All Children's Program for CBS.

Radio Road to Health

By Shirley W. Wynne, M. D.

The Health Advisor to Radio's Millions, Turns His Attention to Those Useful Objects So Often Neglected, the Feet

Few people realize the importance of the feet. The feet are the foundation of the body.

The feet are the foundation of the body. They are the foundation of the body.

The feet are the foundation of the body. They are the foundation of the body.

The feet are the foundation of the body. They are the foundation of the body.



One beautiful child who does not show that she is spoiled by knowing her charm—Baby Marie Fraser

There is something to curb the insufferable action of the mother.

I have heard several mothers and wives who are self-conscious. They are the foundation of the body.

The feet are the foundation of the body. They are the foundation of the body.

his feet the mother's feet and the child's feet disappear and the child's feet disappear.

The feet are the foundation of the body. They are the foundation of the body.

The feet are the foundation of the body. They are the foundation of the body.

The feet are the foundation of the body. They are the foundation of the body.

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The feet are the foundation of the body. They are the foundation of the body.

Programs for Sunday, August 12

Log of Stations

NORTH ATLANTIC EDITION

Call	Freq	Power	Location	Net	Vol
ADKA	580	50,000	Pt. Ledge	N	
WAB	580	50,000	Boston	C	
WABC	800	50,000	N.Y. City	C	
WBAL	1060	10,000	Baltimore	N	
WBZ	980	50,000	Boston	N	
WCAU	740	50,000	Philadelphia	C	
WCSH	940	1,000	Portland	C	
WDRB	1360	500	Hartford	C	
WEAF	660	50,000	N.Y. City	N	
WEFT	590	200	Boston	N	
WF	560	1,000	Philadelphia	N	
WGY	790	50,000	Schenectady	N	
WHAM	40	50,000	Rochester	N	
WIP	610	1,000	Philadelphia	A	
WJZ	290	500	Pittsburgh	C	
WISN	1460	10,000	Washington	C	
WLA	750	50,000	N.Y. City	N	
WLB	620	500	Boston	C	
WLT	560	1,000	Philadelphia	N	
WLV	640	50,000	Hartford	N	
WMA	630	500	Washington	N	
WMAC	1340	1,000	Boston	C	
WMA	1340	1,000	Boston	C	
WOB	710	500	Hartford	C	
WRC	950	50,000	Washington	N	
WRV	1010	50,000	Washington	N	
WV	640	50,000	Hartford	N	

Notice

These programs as here presented were as current and as accurate as the broadcasting companies and RADIO 6 could make them at the time of going to press. However, emergencies that arise at the studios some most necessary at a certain hour changes in program listings, time etc.

Look for the Be A for Religious Services and Programs

8:00 a.m. EDT 7:00 EST	WMA	WMA	WMA	WMA	WMA
8:30 a.m. EDT 7:30 EST	WMA	WMA	WMA	WMA	WMA
8:45 a.m. EDT 7:45 EST	WMA	WMA	WMA	WMA	WMA
9:00 a.m. EDT 8:00 EST	WMA	WMA	WMA	WMA	WMA
9:15 a.m. EDT 8:15 EST	WMA	WMA	WMA	WMA	WMA
9:30 a.m. EDT 8:30 EST	WMA	WMA	WMA	WMA	WMA
9:45 a.m. EDT 8:45 EST	WMA	WMA	WMA	WMA	WMA
10:00 a.m. EDT 9:00 EST	WMA	WMA	WMA	WMA	WMA
10:15 a.m. EDT 9:15 EST	WMA	WMA	WMA	WMA	WMA
10:30 a.m. EDT 9:30 EST	WMA	WMA	WMA	WMA	WMA
10:45 a.m. EDT 9:45 EST	WMA	WMA	WMA	WMA	WMA
11:00 a.m. EDT 10:00 EST	WMA	WMA	WMA	WMA	WMA
11:15 a.m. EDT 10:15 EST	WMA	WMA	WMA	WMA	WMA
11:30 a.m. EDT 10:30 EST	WMA	WMA	WMA	WMA	WMA
11:45 a.m. EDT 10:45 EST	WMA	WMA	WMA	WMA	WMA
12:00 Noon EDT 11:00 a.m. EST	WMA	WMA	WMA	WMA	WMA
12:15 p.m. EDT 11:15 a.m. EST	WMA	WMA	WMA	WMA	WMA
12:30 p.m. EDT 11:30 a.m. EST	WMA	WMA	WMA	WMA	WMA
12:45 p.m. EDT 11:45 a.m. EST	WMA	WMA	WMA	WMA	WMA
1:00 p.m. EDT 12:00 Noon EST	WMA	WMA	WMA	WMA	WMA
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1:30 p.m. EDT 12:30 EST	WMA	WMA	WMA	WMA	WMA
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2:00 p.m. EDT 1:00 Noon EST	WMA	WMA	WMA	WMA	WMA
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3:45 p.m. EDT 2:45 EST	WMA	WMA	WMA	WMA	WMA
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11:00 p.m. EDT 10:00 EST	WMA	WMA	WMA	WMA	WMA
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New Programs, Changes

Time Shown is Eastern Daylight

Sunday, August 12

The subject of the first of the two papers read at the meeting of the Birmingham Association of Engineers, which was held at the Grosvenor Hotel, on Monday evening, May 22, 1905, was "The Design of a Turbine for the Propulsion of a Ship," by Mr. J. H. P. M. A. The speaker, who is a member of the Institution of Mechanical Engineers, and is now a member of the staff of the Admiralty, read a paper in which he described the design of a turbine for the propulsion of a ship, and the results of the tests of the turbine. The turbine was designed for a power of 1,000 horse power, and the results of the tests showed that it was capable of developing 1,000 horse power at a speed of 1,000 revolutions per minute. The speaker also described the design of a turbine for the propulsion of a ship, and the results of the tests of the turbine. The turbine was designed for a power of 1,000 horse power, and the results of the tests showed that it was capable of developing 1,000 horse power at a speed of 1,000 revolutions per minute.

Monday, August 13

[illegible]

Tuesday, August 14

Another program of cooperation will be presented to the Synphox Ombudsman Program, including, this council will be broadcast

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Wednesday, August 15

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Thursday, August 16

[illegible]

Friday, August 17

1. *Phragmites australis* (Cav.) Trin. ex Steud. (Common reed)
 2. *Phragmites australis* (Cav.) Trin. ex Steud. (Common reed)
 3. *Phragmites australis* (Cav.) Trin. ex Steud. (Common reed)
 4. *Phragmites australis* (Cav.) Trin. ex Steud. (Common reed)
 5. *Phragmites australis* (Cav.) Trin. ex Steud. (Common reed)
 6. *Phragmites australis* (Cav.) Trin. ex Steud. (Common reed)
 7. *Phragmites australis* (Cav.) Trin. ex Steud. (Common reed)
 8. *Phragmites australis* (Cav.) Trin. ex Steud. (Common reed)
 9. *Phragmites australis* (Cav.) Trin. ex Steud. (Common reed)
 10. *Phragmites australis* (Cav.) Trin. ex Steud. (Common reed)

Saturday, August 18

[illegible]

Skinny? New easy way adds pounds

*Astonishing gains with new double tonic.
Richest imported brewers' ale yeast now
concentrated 7 times and combined with
iron. Gives 5 to 15 lbs. in a few weeks.*

NOW there's no need to have people calling you skinny - and losing a year's chances of making and keeping friends. Here's a new easy treatment that is giving thousands solid flesh and attractive curves - in just a few weeks.

As you know, doctors for years have prescribed yeast to build up health. But now with the new discovery you can get far greater ~~same~~ results than with ordinary yeast—regain health and in addition put on pounds of healthy flesh—and in a far shorter time.

Not only are thousands of kids gaining healthy-bringing pounds, but also their radiant skin freedom from corns, but on and digestion new pep.

Concentrated 7 times

The all new, new, new Ironed Yeast is made from carefully cultured *brevet* as yeast imported from Europe. It is fast and more potent yeast known with any new process concentrated 7 times and 7 times more potent.

But that is not all! This super rich yeast is then
 eventually mixed with special kinds of iron
 which strengthen the blood, and abounding rep

Day after day, as you take your yeast, watch that chest develop slinky limbs round on attractively to seduction and adage on day after day. You're new beauty—you're a new person.

Results guaranteed

[illegible]

Only the way you get genuine Ironzed
First, not some imitation that cannot
give the same results. Insist on the gen-
uine with "IY" stamped in each tablet.

Special FRFE offer!

To start you building up your health
right now, we make it a special offer
to let you test it free for a change of
iron and yeast at once, to show the reason
of the box and find it to show the improving
of this paragraph. We will send you
the change fast at no cost back on
health. Now facts about your body ,
by a well known author try . Remember,
results are guaranteed with a very first
package of your money refunded . Send
all our drugs and iron and yeast to ,
Inc. Dept 706, A. Antia, Fla.



NOW \$20000
LIFE & ACCIDENT PROTECTION AT... **ACTUAL COST**

SKIN

PSORIASIS — ECZEMA

EDWARD A. KLOWDEN
513 N. Central Park, Chicago, Ill.

One of the subjects of many Shakespeare's plays is the theme of incest. In "Romeo and Juliet," Romeo kills his cousin Prince Escalus' son Tybalt, who has married Juliet, Romeo's cousin.

1. *Phragmites australis* (Cav.) Trin. ex Steud.
 2. *Spartina patens* (Muhl.) B. & P.
 3. *Scirpus americanus* (L.) Pers.
 4. *Distichlis spicata* (L.) Nees
 5. *Eleocharis acicularis* (L.) Rostk Schmidt
 6. *Eleocharis obtusa* (L.) Nees
 7. *Eleocharis tenuis* (L.) Rostk Schmidt
 8. *Eleocharis palustris* (L.) Rostk Schmidt
 9. *Eleocharis acicularis* (L.) Rostk Schmidt
 10. *Eleocharis obtusa* (L.) Nees
 11. *Eleocharis tenuis* (L.) Rostk Schmidt
 12. *Eleocharis palustris* (L.) Rostk Schmidt
 13. *Eleocharis acicularis* (L.) Rostk Schmidt
 14. *Eleocharis obtusa* (L.) Nees
 15. *Eleocharis tenuis* (L.) Rostk Schmidt
 16. *Eleocharis palustris* (L.) Rostk Schmidt
 17. *Eleocharis acicularis* (L.) Rostk Schmidt
 18. *Eleocharis obtusa* (L.) Nees
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 22. *Eleocharis obtusa* (L.) Nees
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 25. *Eleocharis acicularis* (L.) Rostk Schmidt
 26. *Eleocharis obtusa* (L.) Nees
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 29. *Eleocharis acicularis* (L.) Rostk Schmidt
 30. *Eleocharis obtusa* (L.) Nees
 31. *Eleocharis tenuis* (L.) Rostk Schmidt
 32. *Eleocharis palustris* (L.) Rostk Schmidt
 33. *Eleocharis acicularis* (L.) Rostk Schmidt
 34. *Eleocharis obtusa* (L.) Nees
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 37. *Eleocharis acicularis* (L.) Rostk Schmidt
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 41. *Eleocharis acicularis* (L.) Rostk Schmidt
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 66. *Eleocharis obtusa* (L.) Nees
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 97. *Eleocharis acicularis* (L.) Rostk Schmidt
 98. *Eleocharis obtusa* (L.) Nees
 99. *Eleocharis tenuis* (L.) Rostk Schmidt
 100. *Eleocharis palustris* (L.) Rostk Schmidt

[illegible][illegible][illegible]

15

RICHARD HIMBER
AND HIS
STUDEBAKER with
CHAMPIONS Jay Nash

A typical program to celebrate the birth of the United States Constitution is to read the Preamble and the first few articles, which is being done tonight. I would like to thank you for your interest in the subject. The August 17th celebration will be a very special one. We will have a large fire, a parade, a fireworks display, and a large feast in the Park. The City of Cambridge is proud to celebrate the birth of the Republic. We will be the first to have a special celebration. The City of Cambridge is proud to celebrate the birth of the Republic. We will be the first to have a special celebration.

and the Columbia Network

17

Programs for Wednesday, August 15

Star ★ Indicates High Spot Selections

[illegible][illegible][illegible][illegible][illegible]

19

20

22

Hell's Holiday

(Continued from Page 9)

through the sea work, he felt a sense of freedom. He was not a prisoner of the sea, but a man who was free to go where he pleased. He was not a slave to the sea, but a man who was free to go where he pleased. He was not a slave to the sea, but a man who was free to go where he pleased.

Wilder, however, did not feel the same. He felt a sense of freedom, but he also felt a sense of loss. He was not a prisoner of the sea, but a man who was free to go where he pleased. He was not a slave to the sea, but a man who was free to go where he pleased.

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Liberal Rewards for True Mystery Stories

For the first time in the history of the world, the rewards for true mystery stories have been liberalized. The rewards have been liberalized, and the rewards have been liberalized.

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The Cover Girl

A cover girl is a woman who is the cover of a magazine. She is a woman who is the cover of a magazine. She is a woman who is the cover of a magazine.

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Last Chance!

Don't overlook the final date—August 31—when submitting your solutions to the Radio Club Name the Stars contest. A copy of solutions at work will be sent to the winners. Watch for the winners in the next issue of the magazine.

NEW LOW PRICES

25 GOOD YEAR Firestone Goodrich U.S. and Others

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20x22	\$2.65	\$2.80	24x22	\$3.70	\$3.85
20x24	\$2.80	\$2.95	24x24	\$3.85	\$4.00
20x26	\$2.95	\$3.10	24x26	\$4.00	\$4.15
20x28	\$3.10	\$3.25	24x28	\$4.15	\$4.30
20x30	\$3.25	\$3.40	24x30	\$4.30	\$4.45
20x32	\$3.40	\$3.55	24x32	\$4.45	\$4.60
20x34	\$3.55	\$3.70	24x34	\$4.60	\$4.75
20x36	\$3.70	\$3.85	24x36	\$4.75	\$4.90
20x38	\$3.85	\$4.00	24x38	\$4.90	\$5.05
20x40	\$4.00	\$4.15	24x40	\$5.05	\$5.20
20x42	\$4.15	\$4.30	24x42	\$5.20	\$5.35
20x44	\$4.30	\$4.45	24x44	\$5.35	\$5.50
20x46	\$4.45	\$4.60	24x46	\$5.50	\$5.65
20x48	\$4.60	\$4.75	24x48	\$5.65	\$5.80
20x50	\$4.75	\$4.90	24x50	\$5.80	\$5.95
20x52	\$4.90	\$5.05	24x52	\$5.95	\$6.10
20x54	\$5.05	\$5.20	24x54	\$6.10	\$6.25
20x56	\$5.20	\$5.35	24x56	\$6.25	\$6.40
20x58	\$5.35	\$5.50	24x58	\$6.40	\$6.55
20x60	\$5.50	\$5.65	24x60	\$6.55	\$6.70
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20x64	\$5.80	\$5.95	24x64	\$6.85	\$7.00
20x66	\$5.95	\$6.10	24x66	\$7.00	\$7.15
20x68	\$6.10	\$6.25	24x68	\$7.15	\$7.30
20x70	\$6.25	\$6.40	24x70	\$7.30	\$7.45
20x72	\$6.40	\$6.55	24x72	\$7.45	\$7.60
20x74	\$6.55	\$6.70	24x74	\$7.60	\$7.75
20x76	\$6.70	\$6.85	24x76	\$7.75	\$7.90
20x78	\$6.85	\$7.00	24x78	\$7.90	\$8.05
20x80	\$7.00	\$7.15	24x80	\$8.05	\$8.20
20x82	\$7.15	\$7.30	24x82	\$8.20	\$8.35
20x84	\$7.30	\$7.45	24x84	\$8.35	\$8.50
20x86	\$7.45	\$7.60	24x86	\$8.50	\$8.65
20x88	\$7.60	\$7.75	24x88	\$8.65	\$8.80
20x90	\$7.75	\$7.90	24x90	\$8.80	\$8.95
20x92	\$7.90	\$8.05	24x92	\$8.95	\$9.10
20x94	\$8.05	\$8.20	24x94	\$9.10	\$9.25
20x96	\$8.20	\$8.35	24x96	\$9.25	\$9.40
20x98	\$8.35	\$8.50	24x98	\$9.40	\$9.55
20x100	\$8.50	\$8.65	24x100	\$9.55	\$9.70
20x102	\$8.65	\$8.80	24x102	\$9.70	\$9.85
20x104	\$8.80	\$8.95	24x104	\$9.85	\$10.00
20x106	\$8.95	\$9.10	24x106	\$10.00	\$10.15
20x108	\$9.10	\$9.25	24x108	\$10.15	\$10.30
20x110	\$9.25	\$9.40	24x110	\$10.30	\$10.45
20x112	\$9.40	\$9.55	24x112	\$10.45	\$10.60
20x114	\$9.55	\$9.70	24x114	\$10.60	\$10.75
20x116	\$9.70	\$9.85	24x116	\$10.75	\$10.90
20x118	\$9.85	\$10.00	24x118	\$10.90	\$11.05
20x120	\$10.00	\$10.15	24x120	\$11.05	\$11.20
20x122	\$10.15	\$10.30	24x122	\$11.20	\$11.35
20x124	\$10.30	\$10.45	24x124	\$11.35	\$11.50
20x126	\$10.45	\$10.60	24x126	\$11.50	\$11.65
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20x130	\$10.75	\$10.90	24x130	\$11.80	\$11.95
20x132	\$10.90	\$11.05	24x132	\$11.95	\$12.10
20x134	\$11.05	\$11.20	24x134	\$12.10	\$12.25
20x136	\$11.20	\$11.35	24x136	\$12.25	\$12.40
20x138	\$11.35	\$11.50	24x138	\$12.40	\$12.55
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20x146	\$11.95	\$12.10	24x146	\$13.00	\$13.15
20x148	\$12.10	\$12.25	24x148	\$13.15	\$13.30
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20x154	\$12.55	\$12.70	24x154	\$13.60	\$13.75
20x156	\$12.70	\$12.85	24x156	\$13.75	\$13.90
20x158	\$12.85	\$13.00	24x158	\$13.90	\$14.05
20x160	\$13.00	\$13.15	24x160	\$14.05	\$14.20
20x162	\$13.15	\$13.30	24x162	\$14.20	\$14.35
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20x166	\$13.45	\$13.60	24x166	\$14.50	\$14.65
20x168	\$13.60	\$13.75	24x168	\$14.65	\$14.80
20x170	\$13.75	\$13.90	24x170	\$14.80	\$14.95
20x172	\$13.90	\$14.05	24x172	\$14.95	\$15.10
20x174	\$14.05	\$14.20	24x174	\$15.10	\$15.25
20x176	\$14.20	\$14.35	24x176	\$15.25	\$15.40
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20x194	\$15.55	\$15.70	24x194	\$16.60	\$16.75
20x196	\$15.70	\$15.85	24x196	\$16.75	\$16.90
20x198	\$15.85	\$16.00	24x198	\$16.90	\$17.05
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20x202	\$16.15	\$16.30	24x202	\$17.20	\$17.35
20x204	\$16.30	\$16.45	24x204	\$17.35	\$17.50
20x206	\$16.45	\$16.60	24x206	\$17.50	\$17.65
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20x212	\$16.90	\$17.05	24x212	\$17.95	\$18.10
20x214	\$17.05	\$17.20	24x214	\$18.10	\$18.25
20x216	\$17.20	\$17.35	24x216	\$18.25	\$18.40
20x218	\$17.35	\$17.50	24x218	\$18.40	\$18.55
20x220	\$17.50	\$17.65	24x220	\$18.55	\$18.70
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20x224	\$17.80	\$17.95	24x224	\$18.85	\$19.00
20x226	\$17.95	\$18.10	24x226	\$19.00	\$19.15
20x228	\$18.10	\$18.25	24x228	\$19.15	\$19.30
20x230	\$18.25	\$18.40	24x230	\$19.30	\$19.45
20x232	\$18.40	\$18.55	24x232	\$19.45	\$19.60
20x234	\$18.55	\$18.70	24x234	\$19.60	\$19.75
20x236	\$18.70	\$18.85	24x236	\$19.75	\$19.90
20x238	\$18.85	\$19.00	24x238	\$19.90	\$20.05
20x240	\$19.00	\$19.15	24x240	\$20.05	\$20.20
20x242	\$19.15	\$19.30	24x242	\$20.20	\$20.35
20x244	\$19.30	\$19.45	24x244	\$20.35	\$20.50
20x246	\$19.45	\$19.60	24x246	\$20.50	\$20.65
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20x252	\$19.90	\$20.05	24x252	\$20.95	\$21.10
20x254	\$20.05	\$20.20	24x254	\$21.10	\$21.25
20x256	\$20.20	\$20.35	24x256	\$21.25	\$21.40
20x258	\$20.35	\$20.50	24x258	\$21.40	\$21.55
20x260	\$20.50	\$20.65	24x260	\$21.55	\$21.70
20x262	\$20.65	\$20.80	24x262	\$21.70	\$21.85
20x264	\$20.80	\$20.95	24x264	\$21.85	\$22.00
20x266	\$20.95	\$21.10	24x266	\$22.00	\$22.15
20x268	\$21.10	\$21.25	24x268	\$22.15	\$22.30
20x270	\$21.25	\$21.40	24x270	\$22.30	\$22.45
20x272	\$21.40	\$21.55	24x272	\$22.45	\$22.60
20x274	\$21.55	\$21.70	24x274	\$22.60	\$22.75
20x276	\$21.70	\$21.85	24x276	\$22.75	\$22.90
20x278	\$21.85	\$22.00	24x278	\$22.90	\$23.05
20x280	\$22.00	\$22.15	24x280	\$23.05	\$23.20
20x282	\$22.15	\$22.30	24x282	\$23.20	\$23.35
20x284	\$22.30	\$22.45	24x284	\$23.35	\$23.50
20x286	\$22.45	\$22.60	24x286	\$23.50	\$23.65
20x288	\$22.60	\$22.75	24x288	\$23.65	\$23.80
20x290	\$22.75	\$22.90	24x290	\$23.80	\$23.95
20x292	\$22.90	\$23.05	24x292	\$23.95	\$24.10
20x294	\$23.05	\$23.20	24x294	\$24.10	\$24.25
20x296	\$23.20	\$23.35	24x296	\$24.25	\$24.40
20x298	\$23.35	\$23.50	24x298	\$24.40	\$24.55
20x300	\$23.50	\$23.65	24x300	\$24.55	\$24.70
20x302	\$23.65	\$23.80	24x302	\$24.70	\$24.85
20x304	\$23.80	\$23.95	24x304	\$24.85	\$25.00
20x306	\$23.95	\$24.10	24x306	\$25.00	\$25.15
20x308	\$24.10	\$24.25	24x308	\$25.15	\$25.30

Star ★ Indicates High Spot Selections

[illegible]

Local Studio Peeps

By Murray Arnold

Big Freddie Miller, favorite of mid-western radio audiences, now featured on the New England network every Tuesday and Thursday evening at 7:45. Miller, sponsored by Ivory soap and pumped to the New England chain from WEEI, is the son of an Ohio bandmaster, studied at the Chicago Musical College, organized a dance band in which *Rubinstein* was his first violinist, served in the World War as a sergeant, tried vaudeville, and ultimately landed in radio. *Phoebe Elkins*, erstwhile custodian of WIP's "Magazine of the Air," back in Philly after a two-year stay in California, and it is understood she is endeavoring to assume local connections in a similar capacity as heretofore. . . . *Bob Saudek*, KDKA continuity editor, back at his post from a New England vacation, with rumors of matrimony in the offing. . . . *Ace Pancoast*, WIP's staff organist, has been promoted to the coveted position of musical director.

WTIC's broadcasting plant now un-

dergoing extensive alterations and additions which, when completed, will make the Connecticut station one of the nation's largest radio headquarters.

EVERY week-day at 6 p. m., WIP will bring to the microphone colorful personalities who have made the "front page" . . . *Squire Haskin*, WHAM staff pianist, hasn't washed his car for three years. . . . Always different, *Pic (WHEI) Whitman*, from Norway, Maine, is sending back post-cards with no pictures on them.

Laura Gaudet, staff pianist at WTIC, now in Europe on her first leave of absence in ten years. She is dividing her time between Paris and Rome, where she studied under continental music-masters previous to adopting radio as her career. Miss Gaudet, a Nova-Scotian who won high honors at the Academy of Music in Quebec, is in point of service, the oldest member of the WTIC staff of entertainers.

One of the largest contracts of the year has just been signed by Crazy Wax Crystals with WIP. Beginning the 13th of August, Crystals will air every week-day from 5:30 to 6 p. m. Talent will feature the "Old Colonel" and the "Crazy Crystal Mountaineers," headed by *Charles King*, former star of WLS, Chicago.

Linda Parker

The "Sunbonnet Girl" with the Cumberland Ridge Runners



TUNE IN

Every Saturday Nite

WJZ-WBZ

10:30 P.M. E.D.S.T.

When it comes to singing and playing the old mountain ballads and hill-billy tunes, no one can equal Linda Parker and The Ridge Runners on the "National Barn Dance." It's a great Saturday night show, with more than 40 radio artists, including Uncle Ezra, Maple City Four, Lulu Belle, Spare Ribs, Hoosier Hot Shots, Louise Massey, Mac and Bob, and The Westerners. Not a dull moment in the whole show. It sparkles with mirth and melody. A whole hour of old-fashioned singing and dancing. Every Saturday night over NBC Coast to Coast Network.

The NATIONAL BARN DANCE

COAST to COAST

Sponsored by
ALKA-SELTZER

11:30 p.m. EDT 10:30 EST
NBC—Dance Orchestra: WJZ WBZ
WHAM WBZ
★ NBC—Paul Whiteman's Party:
WEAF WEEI WGV WRVA WRC
WJZ WESH WFI
ABS—Blue Rhythm Band: WIP
KDKA—Sport Slants; orchestra
WLW—Dance Orchestra
WOR—Anthony Tom's Orchestra

Chaplin of Radio

(Continued from Page 3)

influence came to the fore. I knew I shouldn't imitate his mannerisms, so I evolved the wobbly little lark to take the place of the derby. I practiced pantomime of my own fashioning before the mirror. I put on a sad expression reminiscent of Chaplin's—and tried again. This time I won a prize. That finished me. I've been in show business ever since.

I particularly remember a night with a traveling carnival. My act, in substance, was the same as it is today. I had graduated from amateur shows; this was my first professional appearance. And right at the start of my professional career fate decided to test my theories of show business.

I was clowning in the middle of my act. Half of the audience—which came from farming communities—seemed to appreciate my offerings, the other half was restive. At length a brawny, red-faced chap got up and shouted his disgust.

"Let's have my dough back!" he roared. "I didn't come here to see a Sunday school show! Save those wise cracks for the kids!"

That's exactly what I've been doing ever since. I'm saving all my wise cracks for the kids. They seem to appreciate them immensely—and so do their parents.

I'm on my way to California, now, to make a picture, and one of the first things I'm going to do when I arrive is to search out Charlie Chaplin and shake his hand, and thank him for teaching the lesson of clean, decent comedy to a young Hungarian lad many years ago. I'm proud to admit that Charlie Chaplin shaped my life and career. I'm sure he'll understand when I tell him that somehow we all owe the kids a great debt of gratitude.

And when I return to the air next fall, it will be with fresh gags and new dialogue—but with the same fundamental technique.

Programs to
Be Heard

11:45 p.m. EDT 10:45 EST
★ CBS—Ferde Grofé's Orchestra:
WABC WCAU WNAC WOKO WLBZ
WDRG
WMAL—Dance Orchestra (NBC)

12:00 Mid. EDT 11:00 p.m. EST
CBS—Orville Knapp's Orch:
WCAU WNAC WOKO WJVS WJAS
NBC—Charlie Davis' Orchestra: WJZ
WHAM WMAL WBZ WBAL

12:15 a.m. EDT 11:15 p.m. EST
★ NBC—Carefree Carnival: WEAF
WRC WGV WEEI WRVA WFI
WLW

BUY NO INSURANCE

until you learn about

POSTAL LIFE'S \$1.00 A MONTH POLICY

Due to conditions, many people have been forced to give up their insurance, and many others feel that they can't afford any. To meet this situation, Postal Life Insurance Company has designed this special Dollar-A-Month policy. It is a unique policy in that it costs only \$1.00 a month, no matter what your age may be, from 18 to 50 years.

The amount of insurance that this dollar a month will buy, however, varies with the age. For example:—at age 18 it will buy \$1275 worth; at age 25, \$1085; at age 30, \$948; at age 35, \$815. To find out what it will buy at your age, see the table below.

The rate of \$1.00 a month—less than 24¢ a week—is just one-half of the permanent premium rate. In other words, because most men who have wives and families to support want to give them the utmost protection at a rate they can afford during the next five years while conditions are improving, the premium for the first five years has been modified to one-half the permanent premium. From the sixth year on this policy costs you only the low rate permanent premium of \$2.00 a month. This premium may be still further reduced by the dividends Postal pays you as earned and declared by the Company.

This exceptional policy, therefore, has a two-fold advantage. First, it costs you less during the next five years of transition to better times; and second, at the beginning of the sixth year you start paying the \$2.00 premium—but based on the lower rates of your present age, not what it will be five years from today. Thus, from the beginning you receive 66¢ back.

DESIGNED
FOR THOSE
WHO HAVE
LET THEIR
INSURANCE
LAPSE OR
WHO FEEL
THEY CAN'T
AFFORD ANY

LOCAL RESERVE Insurance, with cash values and standard policy provisions at a price you can afford.

YOU DEAL DIRECT

Only Postal can give you a life insurance value like this. For Postal sells direct by mail and has no agents—you save on agents' commissions.

You buy this policy direct from Postal at its home office in New York.

A SAFE, SOUND COMPANY

For the past 25 years Postal Life Insurance Company has been providing insurance directly by mail to thousands upon thousands of thrifty people in every State in the Union, and has paid out more than \$10,000,000 to its policy holders and their beneficiaries.

Postal Life does business under the strict supervision of the New York State Insurance Department and is subject to the United States Postal Authorities everywhere.

MAIL COUPON NOW

—WE HAVE NO AGENTS

It's easy to buy this Dollar Policy by mail from Postal. The table below shows how much insurance a dollar will buy at your age. If you feel you can afford to spend \$2.00 a month, you can buy twice as much, or \$3.00 will buy three times as much, etc. Then fill in the amount below and send it with your first month's premium to the Postal Life Insurance Company. That's all you do. You get your money back if your application is not accepted, 100¢ less no risk.

Don't turn over this page until you have clipped the coupon below—it may be the most important thing you have ever done. Take your time to do it right.

Note What

\$1 a Month Buys

Age Amt.	Age Amt.
18 \$1275	31 \$815
19 1248	32 798
20 1221	33 781
21 1194	34 764
22 1167	35 747
23 1140	36 730
24 1113	37 713
25 1085	38 696
26 1058	39 679
27 1031	40 662
28 1004	41 645
29 977	42 628
30 950	43 611
31 923	44 594
32 896	45 577
33 869	46 560
34 842	47 543
35 815	48 526
36 788	49 509
37 761	50 492
38 734	51 475
39 707	52 458
40 680	53 441
41 653	54 424
42 626	55 407
43 599	56 390
44 572	57 373
45 545	58 356
46 518	59 339
47 491	60 322
48 464	61 305
49 437	62 288
50 410	63 271
51 383	64 254
52 356	65 237
53 329	66 220
54 302	67 203
55 275	68 186
56 248	69 169
57 221	70 152
58 194	71 135
59 167	72 118
60 140	73 101
61 113	74 84
62 86	75 67
63 59	76 50
64 32	77 33
65 5	78 16
66 0	79 0
67 0	80 0
68 0	81 0
69 0	82 0
70 0	83 0
71 0	84 0
72 0	85 0
73 0	86 0
74 0	87 0
75 0	88 0
76 0	89 0
77 0	90 0
78 0	91 0
79 0	92 0
80 0	93 0
81 0	94 0
82 0	95 0
83 0	96 0
84 0	97 0
85 0	98 0
86 0	99 0
87 0	100 0

FOR JUNIORS
(10 yrs. to 20 yrs.)

We also issue a
\$5 policy for Juniors.
For more information
write Dept. 318.

TEAR OFF—MAIL TODAY

POSTAL LIFE INSURANCE CO., Arthur Jordan, Pres.
Dept. 365, 311 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

I wish to apply for a life insurance policy in accordance with your offer.

My exact date and year of birth was.....

My occupation is.....

Nationally.....

I wish to pay a premium of \$1. \$2. \$3. \$4. \$5. per month. This

will entitle me to..... worth of insurance. I enclose the first month's

premium which will be returned to me if my application is not accepted.

Name.....

Street and Number.....

City..... State.....

There Is Only ONE

RADIO GUIDE

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RADIO GUIDE
423 Plymouth Court
Chicago, Illinois

Gentlemen:

Enclosed please find \$_____ for which send
Radio Guide to me for (six months) (one year)

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

TOWN..... STATE.....

Programs to Be Heard Saturday, August 18 Preceding Page Continued from

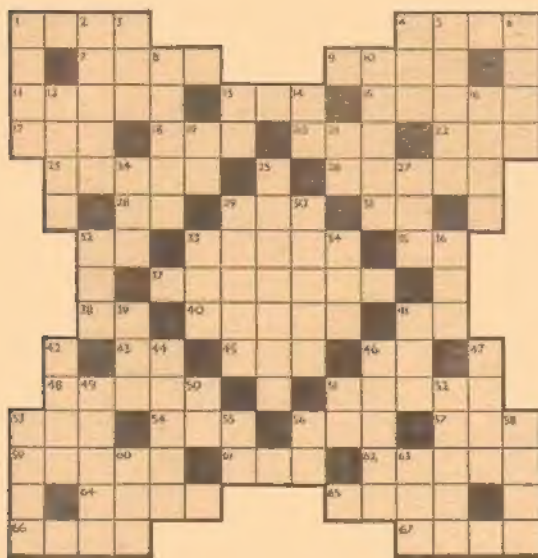
ABS—Dave Martin's Orchestra: WIP
12:30 a.m. EDT 11:30 p.m. EST
CBS—Dan Gerber's Orchestra: WABC
WOKO WNAC WJVS WCAU
NBC—Ferdie Martin's Orchestra:
WJZ WBAL KDKA WHAM WBZ
ABS—Chick Webb's Orchestra: WIP
1:00 a.m. EDT 12 Mid. EST
CBS—Gene Kardos' Orchestra: WABC
WLW—Dance Orchestra

Program Locator

(In Eastern Daylight Time. Subtract One Hour for Eastern Standard Time)

A. C. Spark Plug Co. See Raymond Knight	Detroit Symphony CBS-WABC 3:00 p.m. Sunday only	Knight, Raymond, comedian NBC-WEAF 10:00 p.m. Saturday only	Previn's, Charles, Orchestra NBC-WJZ 7:00 p.m. Sunday only
Academy of Medicine CBS-WABC 10:45 a.m. Thursday only	CBS-WABC 4:00 p.m. Tuesday & Thursday	Kraft Phoenix Cheese See Paul Whiteman's Orchestra	Princess Pat Players NBC-WJZ 9:30 p.m. Monday only
Accordiana CBS-WABC 8:30 p.m. Tuesday only	CBS-WABC 9:00 p.m. Wednesday only	Lady Esther Co. See King's Orchestra	Radio City Symphony NBC-WJZ 12:30 p.m. Sunday only
Airbreaks NBC-WEAF 7:00 p.m. Friday only	Dixie Circus CBS-WABC 6:45 p.m. Monday only	Landt Trio and White NBC-WEAF 9:15 a.m. Daily except Sunday	Radio Guild, drama NBC-WJZ 3:00 p.m. Sunday only
Album Familiar Music NBC-WEAF 9:30 p.m. Sunday only	Dreams Come True NBC-WEAF 3:00 p.m. Monday & Thursday	Lavender and Old Lace CBS-WABC 8:00 p.m. Tuesday only	Real Silk Hosiery Mills, See Previn's Orch.
Allen, Fred, comedian See Town Hall Tonight	Dr. Miles Laboratories See Nat'l Barn Dance	Leaf, Ann, organist CBS-WABC 1:00 p.m. Sunday only	Reiser Co. Inc. See Friend of the Family
Ames, Mary Ellis, talk CBS-WABC 11:00 a.m. Wednesday and Friday	Dragonette, Jessica, soprano NBC-WEAF 8:00 p.m. Friday only	Little Orphan Annie NBC-WJZ 5:45 p.m. Daily ex. Sunday	Reisman, Leo, Orchestra NBC-WEAF 8:00 p.m. Tuesday only
Armour Co. See Phil Baker	Durante, Jimmy, comedian NBC-WEAF 8:00 p.m. Sunday only	Lombardo, Guy, Orchestra NBC-WEAF 10:00 p.m. Wednesday only	Revolving Stage NBC-WEAF 2:00 p.m. Monday only
Armstrong, Jack, sketch CBS-WABC 5:30 p.m. Daily except Sunday	Echoes of the Palsades NBC-WJZ 10:30 p.m. Thursday only	Lucas, Nick, songs CBS-WABC 6:00 p.m. Sunday only	Rich, Irene, sketch NBC-WJZ 7:30 p.m. Wednesday only
Arnold, Gene, commentator NBC-WEAF 2:00 p.m. Sunday only	Ellison, Jane, talk CBS-WABC 11:45 a.m. Wednesday only	Luxer, Ltd. See Table Picture Time	Richman, Harry, songs NBC-WJZ 10:30 p.m. Wednesday only
Bab-O, Little Miss See Mary Small	Ex-Lax Co. See Summer Interludes	Lyman, Abe, Orchestra NBC-WEAF 9:00 p.m. Friday only	Rogers, Buddy, Orchestra CBS-WABC 9:00 p.m. Sunday only
Baker, Phil, comedian NBC-WJZ 9:30 p.m. Friday only	Fels and Co. See Allen Prescott Wife Saver	Major Bowes Family NBC-WEAF 11:30 a.m. Sunday only	Roth, Lillian, contralto CBS-WABC 8:30 p.m. Monday only
Barthell, Betty, songs CBS-WABC 12 noon Mon., Wed. & Friday	Firestone Tire & Rubber Co. See Voice of Firestone	Maria's Matinee, variety NBC-WEAF 3:00 p.m. Friday only	Sal Hepatica See Town Hall Tonight
Barton, Frances Lee, talk NBC-WEAF 11:15 a.m. Thursday only	First Nighter, drama NBC-WEAF 10:00 p.m. Friday only	Marine Band NBC-WJZ 11:00 a.m. Friday only	Salt Lake City Tabernacle CBS-WABC 11:30 p.m. Sunday only
Baseball Resume NBC-WEAF 7:00 p.m. Daily ex. Sunday	Fitch, F. W. Co. See Irene Beasley	Marrow, J. W. Co. See Cadets Quartet	Schlitz Brewing Co. See Stoopnagle and Budd
NBC-WEAF 11:00 p.m. Sunday only	Flashmann Yeast See Yaller's Orchestra	(Schlitz Brewing Co.) CBS-WABC 10:00 p.m. Friday only	Schumann-Heink, Madame NBC-WJZ 10:00 p.m. Sunday only
Bauer and Black See Singing Stranger	Ford Motor Co. See Waring's Orch.	Maxine, Ensemble CBS-WABC 8:00 p.m. Wednesday only	Show Boat, variety NBC-WEAF 9:00 p.m. Thursday only
Bayer Aspirin See Alexander and Old Lady	Forty-Five Minutes In Hollywood, sketch CBS-WABC 10:00 p.m. Thursday only	Merry-Go-Round, variety NBC-WEAF 9:00 p.m. Sunday only	Shutts, Ethel, contralto NBC-WJZ 8:00 p.m. Friday only
Album of Music	Friend of the Family, talk CBS-WABC 9:15 p.m. Friday only	Metropolitan Life Insurance Co. See Health Exercises	Silver Dust Serenaders CBS-WABC 7:30 p.m. Mon., Wed. & Fri.
Beale Street Boys, quartet CBS-WABC 2:30 p.m. Sunday only	Garber, Jan, Orchestra NBC-WJZ 8:00 p.m. Monday only	Modern Food Process Co. See Songs and Stories	Singing Stranger, vocalist NBC-WJZ 4:15 p.m. Tuesday & Friday
CBS-WABC 7:00 p.m. Tuesday only	Gene and Glenn, comedy NBC-WEAF 7:15 p.m. Daily ex. Sat. & Sun.	Moore, Betty, talk NBC-WEAF 11:30 a.m. Wednesday only	Sinclair Minstrels NBC-WJZ 9:00 p.m. Monday only
Beasley, Irene (Armour Co.) NBC-WJZ 9:30 p.m. Friday only	General Mills Inc. See Betty and Bob	Morris, Philip, Co. See Reisman's Orch.	Small, Mary, songs NBC-WEAF 1:30 p.m. Sunday only
(F. W. Fitch Co.) NBC-WEAF 7:45 p.m. Sunday only	General Foods Corp. See Frances L. Barton Betty Crocker	Mueller, C. F. Co. See B.B. and Ginner	Smith, Kate, songs CBS-WABC 8:00 p.m. Mon., Thurs. & Fri.
Beauty Box Theater NBC-WEAF 10:00 p.m. Tuesday only	General Tire & Rubber Co. See Jack Benny	Muscle Box, soloist CBS-WABC 7:00 p.m. Wednesday & Friday	Soconyland Sketches NBC-WEAF 9:30 p.m. Tuesday only
Benny, Jack, comedian NBC-WEAF 10:30 p.m. Friday only	Gerber Co. See Madame Schumann-Heink	Musical Memories NBC-WJZ 9:00 p.m. Tuesday only	Socony Vacuum Oil Co. See Soconyland Sketches
Betty and Bob, sketch NBC-WJZ 4:00 p.m. Daily ex. Sat. & Sun.	Gillette Safety Razor Co. See Gene and Glenn	Nadwarney, Devora, Sunday only	Songs and Stories NBC-WJZ 4:15 p.m. Monday only
Bill and Ginger, songs CBS-WABC 10:15 a.m. Mon., Wed. & Fri.	Gluskin, Lud. See Summer Interludes	National Barn Dance NBC-WJZ 10:30 p.m. Saturday only	Stoopnagle and Budd, comedy NBC-WJZ 9:00 p.m. Sunday only
Bi-Si-Dol See Everett Marshall	Gold Dust Corp. See Silver Dust Serenaders	Nat'l Farm and Home Hour NBC-WJZ 1:30 p.m. Daily ex. Sat. & Sun.	Studebaker Sales Corp. See Richard Himber's Orchestra
Blue Monday Jamboree CBS-WABC 12 mid. Monday only	Gold, Empire Co. See Devora Nadwarney	Nestles Chocolate See Ethel Shutts	Summer Interlude CBS-WABC 9:30 p.m. Monday only
Bobby Benson, songs CBS-WABC 6:15 p.m. Daily ex. Sat. & Sun.	Goldman Band Concert NBC-WJZ 8:30 p.m. Tuesday only	Odorono See Phil Harris' Orchestra	Sun Oil Co. See Lowell Thomas
Bond Bread Bakers See Crumit and Sanderson	Goodrich, B. F., Rubber Co. See Baseball Resume	O'Keefe, Walter, comedian NBC-WJZ 8:00 p.m. Friday only	Talkie Picture Time NBC-WEAF 3:00 p.m. Sunday only
Bordens Sales Co. See Jane Ellison	Gordon, Dave, Bunny, trio CBS-WABC 5:45 p.m. Monday & Wednesday	One Man's Family, sketch NBC-WEAF 9:00 p.m. Saturday only	Tastyest Theater NBC-WJZ 9:30 p.m. Sunday only
Forty-Five Minutes in Hollywood	Grape Nuts See Byrd Expedition	One Night Stands NBC-WEAF 9:30 p.m. Friday only	Tender Leaf Tea See Jack Pearl
Bordoni, Irene, songs NBC-WEAF 7:45 p.m. Thursday only	Grape Atlantic and Pacific Tea Co. See Headliners	Oxol Trio See Gordon, Dave and Bunny	Thomas, Lowell, news NBC-WEAF 6:45 p.m. Daily ex. Sat. & Sun.
Breakfast Club NBC-WJZ 9:00 a.m. Daily except Sunday	Gulf Refining Co. See Headliners	Oxydol See My Perkins	Today's Children, sketch NBC-WJZ 10:30 a.m. Daily ex. Sat. & Sun.
Breen and de Rose, songs NBC-WEAF 10:00 a.m. Daily ex. Sat. & Sun.	Harris, Phil, Orchestra NBC-WJZ 9:00 p.m. Friday only	Parade of the Provinces NBC-WJZ 10:00 p.m. Thursday only	Town Hall Tonight NBC-WEAF 9:00 p.m. Wednesday only
Bristol Meyers Co. See Town Hall Tonight	Headliners NBC-WJZ 9:00 p.m. Sunday only	Pearl, Jack, comedian NBC-WEAF 8:00 p.m. Wednesday only	True Story Court of Human Relations CBS-WABC 8:30 p.m. Friday only
Buck, Frank, adventures NBC-WJZ 7:45 p.m. Daily ex. Sat. & Sun.	Health Exercises NBC-WEAF 6:45 a.m. Daily ex. Sunday	Pepsodent Tooth Paste See Frank Buck	Twenty Mile Team Borax, See Death Valley Days
Byrd Expedition CBS-WABC 10:00 p.m. Wednesday only	Hecker H-O Cereal See Bobby Benson	Perkins, Ma, sketch NBC-WEAF 2:45 p.m. Daily ex. Sat. & Sun.	Two Seats in the Balcony NBC-WEAF 2:00 p.m. Wednesday only
Cadets, male quartet CBS-WABC 11:45 a.m. Monday & Friday	Heller, Jackie, tenor NBC-WJZ 5:30 p.m. Daily except Sunday	Philadelphia Summer Concerts CBS-WABC 8:30 p.m. Saturday only	U. S. Army Band NBC-WJZ 11:30 a.m. Wednesday only
Camay Soap See Dreams Come True	Himber Richard, Orchestra NBC-WEAF 8:00 p.m. Monday only	Philco Radio See Boake Carter	U. S. Navy Band NBC-WJZ 11:00 a.m. Thursday only
Campana's Italian Balm See First Nighter	CBS-WABC 9:30 p.m. Tuesday only	Phillips Dental Magnesia See Accordiana	U. S. Tobacco Co. See One Night Stands
Carefree Carnival, variety NBC-WEAF 12:15 a.m. Saturday only	Hinze Ambrosia, Inc. See Your Lover	Plough, Inc. See Lombardo's Orch.	Vallee, Rudy, variety hour, NBC-WEAF 8:00 p.m. Thursday only
Carter, Boake, news CBS-WABC 7:45 p.m. Daily ex. Mon. & Fri.	Hollywood on the Air NBC-WEAF 12:30 a.m. Sunday only	Proscott, Allen, Wife Savvy NBC-WJZ 11:00 a.m. Monday & Wednesday	Voice of Firestone NBC-WEAF 8:30 p.m. Monday only
Carto See Maria's Matinee	Home Sweet Home NBC-WJZ 2:30 p.m. Daily ex. Sat. & Sun.	Save NBC-WJZ 10:00 p.m. Sunday only	Waltz Time NBC-WEAF 9:00 p.m. Friday only
Chase and Sanborn See Jimmy Durante	Honeydoers, duct NBC-WJZ 11:00 a.m. Tuesday & Saturday	Philco Radio See Boake Carter	Vivienne Segal NBC-WEAF 9:00 p.m. Friday only
Chenamy, Inc. See Maxine	Hoover Sentinels, concert NBC-WEAF 5:30 p.m. Sunday only	Phillips Dental Magnesia See Accordiana	Wander Co. See Orphan Annie
Chicago Symphony NBC-WJZ 4:30 p.m. Daily ex. Fri. & Sun.	Horlick, Harry, Gypsies NBC-WEAF 9:00 p.m. Monday only	Plough, Inc. See Lombardo's Orch.	Ward Baking Co. See Rogers' Orch.
NBC-WJZ 10:30 p.m. Friday only	Household Finance Corp. See Music Box	Proscott, Allen, Wife Savvy NBC-WJZ 11:00 a.m. Monday & Wednesday	Waring, Fred, Orchestra CBS-WABC 9:30 p.m. Sunday only
NBC-WEAF 9:30 p.m. Saturday only	House Party NBC-WEAF 9:30 p.m. Monday only	Save NBC-WJZ 10:00 p.m. Sunday only	Watkins, R. L. Co. See Merry Go Round
NBC-WEAF 4:30 p.m. Sunday & Friday	I. J. Fox, Inc. See Irene Bordoni	Save NBC-WJZ 10:00 p.m. Sunday only	Weich Grape Juice Co. See Irene Rich
Cities Service Co. See Jessica Dragonette	Individual Drinking Cups See Dixie Circus	Save NBC-WJZ 10:00 p.m. Sunday only	Whites See Jack Armstrong
Colgate-Palmolive-Peet Co. See House Party	Ipana See Town Hall Tonight	Save NBC-WJZ 10:00 p.m. Sunday only	White, Lew, organist NBC-WJZ 8:30 a.m. Daily
Beauty Box Theater	Ivory Stamp Club NBC-WJZ 7:00 p.m. Tues., Thurs. & Sat.	Save NBC-WJZ 10:00 p.m. Sunday only	Whiteman, Paul, Orchestra NBC-WEAF 10:00 p.m. Thursday only
Columbia Variety Hour CBS-WABC 8:00 p.m. Sunday only	Jolson, Al, singing comedian NBC-WEAF 10:00 p.m. Thursday only	Save NBC-WJZ 10:00 p.m. Sunday only	Words and Music NBC-WJZ 12:45 p.m. Daily ex. Sat. & Sun.
Columbo, Russ, baritone NBC-WEAF 12:15 a.m. Sunday only	K-7 Spy Story NBC-WEAF 7:00 p.m. Sunday only	Save NBC-WJZ 10:00 p.m. Sunday only	Yeastfoam See Jan Garber's Orch.
Continental Oil Co. See Harry Richman	Kennedy, John B., news (Continental Oil Co.) NBC-WEAF 4:00 p.m. Sunday only	Save NBC-WJZ 10:00 p.m. Sunday only	Your Lover, songs NBC-WEAF 4:00 p.m. Tuesday & Friday
Jack Denny's Orch.	King, Wayne, Orchestra CBS-WABC 10:00 p.m. Sunday & Monday	Save NBC-WJZ 10:00 p.m. Sunday only	
See Gene Arnold	NBC-WEAF 8:00 p.m. Tuesday & Wednesday	Save NBC-WJZ 10:00 p.m. Sunday only	
Crocker, Betty, talk NBC-WEAF 10:45 a.m. Wednesday & Friday		Save NBC-WJZ 10:00 p.m. Sunday only	
Crumit and Sanderson, songs CBS-WABC 5:30 p.m. Sunday only		Save NBC-WJZ 10:00 p.m. Sunday only	
Death Valley Days, sketch NBC-WJZ 9:00 p.m. Thursday only		Save NBC-WJZ 10:00 p.m. Sunday only	
Denny, Jack, Orchestra NBC-WJZ 10:30 p.m. Wednesday only		Save NBC-WJZ 10:00 p.m. Sunday only	

Radio Guide's X-Word Puzzle



DEFINITIONS

HORIZONTAL

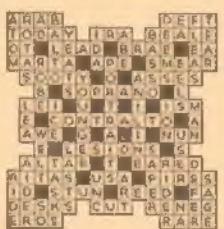
- 1—Use as security for a loan
- 4—Radio resistance unit
- 7—Fading
- 9—Station finder
- 11—Skilled
- 13—Tongue-twisting name of an animal
- 15—Death notices
- 17—Quiet
- 18—Self
- 20—Maude uncouthly
- 22—Container
- 23—German city; location of Kipp Works
- 26—Town in Massachusetts, also in Oregon
- 28—Advertisement
- 29—Floor covering
- 31—Negative reply
- 32—Preposition denoting location
- 33—Hinder
- 35—"Gentlemen, be seated"
- 37—Fattening fruit
- 38—Lemon
- 40—Answer an argument
- 41—Initials of Miss Fries
- 41—Toward
- 43—Architect's rules
- 46—Either
- 46—Mistake
- 51—Beer has it
- 53—Cough
- 54—Fish Eggs
- 56—Another kind of container
- 57—Still

- 59—Spare us from eggs that do this
- 61—Spring month
- 62—No longer society's most eligible bachelor
- 64—Not so much
- 65—Initial stake
- 66—Purchases
- 67—Sudden, shrill outcry

VERTICAL

- 1—Baby carriage
- 2—Ted
- 3—Surface of cloth
- 4—He sings of Minnie the Moocher
- 5—Tropical fruit
- 6—For fear that
- 8—Horse

SOLUTION TO LAST WEEK'S X-WORD PUZZLE



The solution to this puzzle will be published in next week's issue, in which you will find another absorbing puzzle

Theme Songs that Click

"It Isn't Fair," which serves to identify the broadcasts of Richard Himber's ace orchestra, was a melody long before it became a song. It isn't fair, of course, to leave such a statement unqualified, so here goes.

Five years ago Richard Himber's orchestra was one of society's favorite melody-making units. The pianist in the band was entrusted with the task of "modulations" . . . running a few notes on the keyboard so that a change of key might not be too harsh on the ears. In modulating, Himber noticed that the pianist used a certain strain over and over again. The red-headed maestro took this strain, mullied it over at home, and evolved a chorus from it. No title or lyrics were thought of; it was just a pleasant melody that had a noticeable appeal to dancers.

A little over a year ago, when Himber

was about to launch his band on the air for the first time, he sought a suitable theme song, and remembered the melody which still sounded fresh and new regardless of its five years of usage. He was stuck for weeks for lyrics to it, and the first few times it was used on the air from the Essex House, with NBC carrying the music cross-country, it had neither words nor title.

When Joey Nash joined the unit as vocalist, Himber knew the melody would have to have words. They finally were written twenty minutes before a broadcast, with Nash singing the lyrics practically "at sight."

Just why "It Isn't Fair" has caught on is explained by Himber:

"I think," Dick explains, "that the reason for the song's popularity was due originally to the fact that it doesn't follow any set formula in its construction."

RADIO GUIDE is paying
\$100 A WEEK
FOR LAST LINES TO

RADIO JINGLES

try your skill—it's Free!

THE RULES:

1. Each week until further notice, Radio Guide, will print an unfinished "Radio Jingle." You are invited to write the last line for the jingle. Write anything you wish. The last line must rhyme with the first two lines.
2. Radio Guide will pay \$100.00 in cash prizes each week for the best last lines submitted for the jingle published that week. (See Prize List below.)
3. You may send in as many answers as you wish. Try to be clever. Originality will count. Neatness will count.
4. Mail your answers to "Jingles," Radio Guide, 423 Plymouth Court, Chicago. Answers for this week's jingle must be in by 10 A.M., Friday, August 17th. Winners will be announced in Radio Guide as soon thereafter as possible.
5. This offer is open to everyone except employees of Radio Guide and their families. Answers will be judged by a committee appointed by Radio Guide. The committee's judgment will be final. In case of ties duplicate awards will be given.
6. The use of the coupon in Radio Guide is suggested but not required. You may write your last line on the coupon or on a post card or on any other piece of paper. Radio Guide may be contacted at its offices or at public libraries free.

Winners of Jingle No. 1

Joe Penner was asked this one day,
"What is it that makes you so gay?"
To which he replied
With very much pride.

1st Prize \$25 Mrs. Ward Carter
Memphis, Tenn.
"Wise Cracks and Quack
Quacks Bring Good Pay."

2nd Prize \$15 Marjorie Hope
Riverside, R. I.
"I've Clicked with the
Whole U. S. A.—!"

3rd Prize \$10 Mr. B. H. Harrison
Woodcliff, N. J.
"Quack Tonic in
Doves That Pay!"

\$5.00 Prizes:

Mica Edith Durel
Yazoo City, Miss.
Mrs. G. A. Stevens
Santa Cruz, Cal.
Virginia Wallace
Eliz. Nevada
Mrs. C. McDonnell
Denver, Colorado
Lila F. Greenwood
Waterford, Conn.

Bertha L. Gorbner
St. Louis, Mo.
Mrs. W. E. Ventler
Dunellen, N. J.
B. E. Strong
Tulsa, New York
Frank R. Moore
Detroit, Michigan
Miss M. Abrams
Minneapolis, Minn.

Radio fans! Printed below is Radio Jingle No. 3. One hundred dollars in real cash awaits the rhymesters who send in the best last lines for it! Try! It's an easy way to win some cash!

Another Jingle in Next Week's

THE PRIZES

1st Prize \$25.00
2nd Prize 15.00
3rd Prize 10.00
Next 10 Prizes \$5.00 each 50.00
Total \$100.00

Radio Guide

AMERICA'S WEEKLY MAGAZINE OF PROGRAMS and PERSONALITIES

CAN YOU WRITE A LAST LINE FOR THIS?



A barber whose name was McKay,
Was shaving a man named McFay.

Said McKay to McFay,
"Rudy Vallee, I'll say,

Write your last line here

NAME _____

STREET ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

JAMES MELTON

As He Appears Under the

MIKEroscope

By Lee Mortimer

Jimmy Melton is a Southern gentleman, born 30 years ago in Moultrie, Georgia, where some of the townfolk still re-fight the battles of the Civil War over their mini-juleps.

He enrolled at the University of Florida, later attended the University of Georgia, and then was advised to study voice. This he did at Ward Belmont, in Nashville, a fashionable girls' school, but there he had the excellent coaching of Gaetano de Luca, the opera singer and celebrated teacher. He made pin money meantime playing the saxophone in college dance bands.

School days finally over, the youthful tenor-saxophone player decided that New York would afford his best opportunity. Someone had told him that he was just what they needed in New York, a tenor-saxophonist. Jimmy believed implicitly—until he arrived on Broadway.

It was harder to get an audition with Roxy, he found, than it was to break through a football line. He thought for a while of going back to the football line, professionally. But after a week of pounding at Roxy's door he wore down that great man's resistance and got his audition. P. S. He also got the job, and was added to Roxy's gang.

Jimmy Melton is tall and dark. But his favorite type of companion of the fair sex is several inches shorter than he; also she should have light hair. He is happily married to a wife who meets the above description. She is a writer.

Jimmy married Marjorie Louise McClure, of Akron, Ohio, in June 1929, after meeting her at a concert in the home of Frank A. Seiberling, sponsor of the program of that name.

Jimmy's entry into show business was in 1927, the year he came to Manhattan. It was his voice that sang Erno Rapee's then popular compositions "Seventh Heaven" and "Diane," the incidental music to the screen productions of "Seventh Heaven" and "What Price Glory" as presented by Roxy.

After joining the Revelers Quartet, of radio fame, Jimmy withdrew entirely from the stage. His reason was simple: He feared that the arduous grind of theatrical life, especially that experienced in a presentation house of the type presided over by Roxy where there were four or five performances a day, would ruin his voice.

He best likes to sing American ballads. That is one reason he is so tremendously popular over the air. Radio audiences, a survey has shown, prefer familiar American folk music, and Jimmy is enough of a psychologist to know that. Melton is a sound sleeper. He sleeps in pajamas.

Radio Guide will place some celebrity Under the MIKEroscope every week. Save the picture on this page. There will be 52 in a full set. This is the eighteenth. You will get one picture a week for an entire year. To every person who sends to Radio Guide a complete collection of 52, will be given an album containing the entire group of photographs as reproduced here; the photographic reproductions will be in fine finish.

Start saving your series now. And watch for another celebrity Under the MIKEroscope in Radio Guide next week.



JAMES MELTON

Coming Next Week:

CAPTURED ALIVE! The Real Frank Buck

In a Story of Intimate Revelation

By Buddy Rogers: As I See It

The Maestro-Movie Star
Begins the Story of His Life
—Told in His Own Words

The Announcers' Third Degree

Full Story of Studios' Acid Tests

And an Issue Packed with
Feature Stories of the Stars

Thirty-Five for One

By Charles Remson

Radio pays off roulette odds—5 to one—to provide you with entertainment! At least that is the case with one full-hour program, the "Beauty Box Theater," which requires 35 hours of rehearsals before the finished 60 minutes are put on the air from coast to coast.

Of course, the nature of the "Beauty Box Theater" programs demands arduous rehearsals. Operettas and operas of three hours' length must be cut to one hour with no loss of salient features. But even so, for every hour of actual broadcasting there are on the average, eighteen hours of rehearsal necessary.

This explains why the National Broadcasting Company requires studios by the score in its new Radio City headquarters, for one sixty-minute program frequently ties up a studio for more than two full working days of eight hours each.

It also affords a striking illustration of the lengths to which radio executives—and sponsors—are prepared to go, in order to bring perfection into the programs they offer to the listening public. If very few errors of delivery are made in network programs, it is because thoroughness of rehearsal and of preparation have made smooth performance possible.

It is easy to see why all this preparation and

rehearsal are necessary. Radio's task of attaining perfection is much harder than that of the movies, for example. In even the most elaborate and expensive talking picture, it is possible to cut and eliminate, or retake, defective scenes. But of course, this cannot be done with a radio performance.

An error once made before the microphone must stand. Hence all cutting, changing and improving must be done during rehearsals.

The requirements for rehearsal vary with the type of program to be broadcast. The number of new artists, such as guest stars, to be employed—the difficulty of new music to be learned and its rendition perfected and similar conditions are responsible. They fluctuate. However, the rehearsals scheduled weekly by a number of the larger NBC programs are:

"Beauty Box Theater", 35 hours; "Captain Henry's Show Boat", 21 hours; Paul Whiteman's "Music Hall", 18½ hours; Fred Allen's "Town Hall Tonight", 15½ hours; "Maria's Mahine", 11 hours, and Rudy Vallee's "Variety Hour", 10½ hours.

The six programs of entertainment listed require a total of 110½ hours of rehearsal—and the advertiser foots the bill!